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Selections.

The Southern Press.

From the Memphis Eagle.

THE SLAVERY EXCITEMENT.

The true index to the character of this whole Anti-Slavery movement, is to be found in the resolution and accompanying, preamble, which are the cause of the movement now being taken by the Southern members of Congress. That preamble and that resolution, deeply and keenly insulting, were offered by Mr. Gott, of Ohio, and adopted by the House, on the 22d December. They read as follows:

Whereas the traffic now prosecuted in the metropolis of the Republic in human beings, as chattels, is contrary to natural justice and the fundamental principles of our political system, and is notoriously a reproach to our country throughout Christendom, and a serious hindrance to the progress of republican liberty among the nations of the earth: therefore,

Resolved, That the Committee for the District of Columbia be instructed to report a bill as soon as practicable, prohibiting the Slave-Trade in said District.

The Preamble and Resolution are broad and sweeping. No man, whose mind possesses the first elements of natural logic, can fail to see at a glance, that they denounce the sale of negroes, at all times and all places. They declare such sale in the District of Columbia to be "contrary to natural justice and the fundamental principles of our political system." Now, we take "natural justice" to be that innate sense and law of right which is the necessary idea of every man, as a man and not as a citizen of this or that country, a member of this or that community; and, therefore, whatever is contrary to "natural justice" in the District of Columbia is and must be contrary to "natural justice" in Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee, and Mississippi. If the proposition, that such a sale of slaves is contrary to "natural justice," be true, then, any slaveholder in any of these States selling his slaves, thereby violates "natural justice;" wrongs that instinctive sense and law of right which has been implanted in his bosom by his Creator. This proposition the United States House of Representatives was called upon to affirm, and *it did so affirm.* And again: the House was called upon to affirm, and did affirm, that such sale of negroes was contrary to "the *fundamental* principles of our political system." Now, that system, the Republican democratic system, with the same fundamental principles, exists alike in Massachusetts and Tennessee, as well as in the Government at Washington. And, yet, here we have it solemnly affirmed that we violate the "*fundamental* principles" of the Government under which we live!

Now, we are no ultraists. We have as little love for South Carolina nullification as for New Hampshire abolitionism. But we cannot find it in our heart quietly to take the position assigned us, and which is nothing less than a most unpleasant dilemma of alternatives. It is this: either we are natural fools and ignorant of the laws of natural justice, or we are most consummate knaves and wantonly guilty of disregarding those laws. And again: either we have no idea of "the *fundamental* principles of our political system;" or we knowingly violate them and make a wrong and an outrage of the Republican rule under which we live. And it must be that we are thus disgracefully in an immoral dilemma; for a majority of our Republican House of Representatives has so affirmed! But we are in good company in our wrong or our idiotic folly. We are with Washington, Monroe, Madison, Lee, Wirt, Marshall, Clay, Jackson, and a host of illustrious patriots, who have cast, and who yet cast, the reflection of the glory they have won from created thought and high deeds done, upon the page of our country's history. For them and for us the laws of "natural justice" existed and exist. They existed in Eden; they are neither stronger nor weaker in the 19th century and the Republic of the United States; and to them the distinguished lists of honoured names must answer with us. They owned, and bought, and sold slaves; and when the United States House of Representatives declared such traffic "contrary to natural justice and the fundamental principles of our political system," it libelled Washington and us, the fraternal living and the paternal dead.

The action of the majority is censurable and odious in this, that it has opened the abstract question of the right to hold slaves and *ex cathedra*, denied that right. Now, the South is not, and never will be, a party to any such question. The slaves are here.—They came here without fault or wrong of hers.—They were forced upon her. She cannot set them free in her bosom without civil convulsion and domestic disorder of a most fearful character. She *must* hold them by the law of necessity, and it were idle to argue of abstractions. She asks not that the government shall become a party to such question in her behalf, but she insists that it, deriving existence in part of her, shall not become a party to it against her. Whether or not Slavery shall continue in the District of Columbia, is, as an isolated question, a matter of indifference to her. Its continued existence there cannot, in any earthly way, benefit her or increase her power. It is a matter of no consequence to her whether Slavery therein shall be abolished. To-morrow, on equitable petition from the resident citizens, Slavery might be abolished there, and there would be no more sensation in the South than if a summer breeze had swept over her wide plains and her great rivers; there would be no pause in commerce, no outcry from her press, no cry of anger from her people. But she will not have insult wantonly hurled at her by the Government she aids to support, nor quietly be pointed at by her own law-makers as the great malefactor of the earth.

And what will she do now if the serpent-like spirit, which has hissed so vilely, strikes her venomous fangs into her heart's life! What will her representatives in Congress resolve upon? We know not. The remarks of some of her most distinguished sons, met in Congressional caucus, would indicate a design to hold a great Southern Convention. But *cui bono?*—to what purpose? To pass strong resolutions? The strongest of resolutions are weak without action—but as the idle Summer wind which breathes upon the face of the earth, not half so potent as the tempest which lifts the waters into huge billows and makes shipwrecks of the navies of nations. If the South, met in Convention, pass resolutions, she must place behind these prompt, energetic, potent action—the giant must stand behind his shadow and justify its seeming. Otherwise, she will be ridiculous—the mountain that was in labour with a mouse—the peddling mountebank who cries "Allah, Allah!—in the name of the prophet—figs!" The Southern States must not so compromise their dignity. If they resolve they must act. What shall that action be? Nullification?—God forbid!—We pause upon the brink of this precipice; we will not leap into this Maelstrom. The South will not now nullify even though this deadly insult be left like a coal of fire to burn the hatred into her brain. She will not now nullify. She remembers the Revolution in which she nobly and triumphantly laboured to build up a great and free empire. She is mindful of the future which calls loudly upon the present to hand down to her, unimpaired, this powerful and all-free Union. For this Union, she knows, she is the inheritor of the past, the trustee of the future. She is not unconscious of the evils which, in common with the North, she must suffer by disunion—progress retarded; a slavish dependence upon foreign powers established; a vast and oppressive system of internal revenues created; barriers thrown across the great arterial channels, the rivers, the highways, the railroads, of inland intercourse; and the secure wealth of the present foregone for the hazardous speculation of the future. She knows that the separation of the North and South would be ultimately the signal for the separation of the East and West. She knows that disunion would indefinitely, if not immediately and forever, deprive us of the rich trade of Asia, now all but in our grasp, arrest all great national improvements; dwindle our navies into insignificance; and throw the States, or the sections of this country, to a degraded point in the scale of nations.

She will not now nullify. From a lofty spirit of generous magnanimity she will be true to the Union. But not in weakness, not in fear. She can do without the North; the North cannot do without her.—She has power; minerals, herds, crops of grain, ship timber and other timber, sea-ports, cities, level plains for roads and (what the North has not, and cannot do without,) cotton and sugar. She can nullify; but she will not; certainly not now. Now, she is not yet goaded into frenzy; she is calm; she reasons; she appeals in friendship of spirit. But new insults, new wrongs, will rouse and inflame her, and what she would shrink from as sacrilege to-day, she will do to-morrow with a bold hand and a rapid blow, and tread down with angry indignation the fragments of that Union under which she was foully dishonoured.

What ought the South to do now? On this point we can be brief. We are, at present, opposed to the project of a Southern Convention. It can result in no action but nullification: nullification should not even be thought of, till every other resort had failed. Such is not yet the case. Let the South address the North in words of friendliness and reason, of manly and fraternal appeal. Let her appeal to the moderate and conservative men of the North—ask them soberly what this virulent Anti-Slavery excitement can accomplish, unless it be disunion—lay before them the *history of American Slavery*—and pray them for the sake of the union not to do her the wrong threatened. They will answer her appeal with generous friendship: they will scatter to the winds the fanaticism which rides upon the high tide of their power only as the froth caps the waves of the deep. And if they do not so answer, even then disunion is not necessary. The South has other resources whereby to vindicate her dignity and rights. Let her refuse to buy the manufactures and provisions of the North and to sell to the North her sugar and raw cotton.—This is no wild, visionary plan, but practicable and well calculated to bring the North to reason. Now that we are as yet unembittered, it is impracticable: but let feeling be bitterly aroused, let the wrong and insult pass like sharpened iron into the heart of the South, and it will be perfectly feasible. It may be carried out, and it adopted, soon, from her untenanted factories and her untilled fields, the North would learn reason, and be just.

Already the South is moving. Her representatives have been aroused by the infamous preamble of Gott. We hope most fervently that they will be moderate, patriotic, conservative of the union in their action. We have faith in the justice of the North—faith in the intelligence and kindly feelings of the great mass of northern citizens. They are misrepresented by demagogues and fanatics; but now that they see the sober and dignified men of the South, for years denouncing nullification, and yet now stung to the quick by this ignoble insult, they will hasten to assert their own propriety. Already we see glimpses of sober reason. A northern member has moved, and northern members seconded, a reconsideration of the vote by which Gott's infamous preamble passed the House. Let the North deny that vote—let it bury that insult—and then, if it must have the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia, and the citizens of the District will it, so be it. Let Slavery therein be abolished; its continued existence in the limited and narrow bounds of a District which has no earthly political power, does not matter to her the weight of a feather. Let it be abolished upon reasonable petition from the citizens of the District—let it be done quietly, temperately, without taunt or fling at the South; and we say deliberately, that the South will hear the announcement of its having been done with as little concern as she would that Senator Hale had gone upon a religious mission to the King of Abyssinia.

The North mistakes the spirit of the South. She has been taught to believe that the Southern States would be the propagandists of Slavery. Such is not the fact. The South desires no propagation of the institution which exists in her bosom by a necessity, which she was not a party in creating. She does not even make a question upon the abstract theory of Slavery. She desires no question—no argument, of that which is inevitable, which exists and must continue to exist, unless the slaves be transplanted or her children fearfully ruined. In this matter the North is ignobly led. Hale and Tuck and Giddings and Gott (names which are only *notorious*, not honoured) lead her. There is no honesty in these men. Look at the two first. They are citizens of New Hampshire; and this day their State, the most inconsiderable in the Union, has upon her Statute book, and enforced by her officers, laws proscribing certain religions. These men prate largely of liberty; and to retalise their fanatical idea of it would convulse the South with civil war, rob it of its property and break up the Union. If they are such devotees of liberty, why do they not denounce the blind, and foolish, and proscriptive intolerance of their own State? Did they ever do so? They dare not; they would deprive themselves of all hope of office, and so they must let foul wrong play the petty tyrant in their own home, and go off and arrogantly dictate their own ideas to the South, and that its slaves shall be free. *Free?*—why, they are not free themselves—they *dare not* believe what they please, and the slave *can*. And by such men is the North pitted against the South!—by such men is she made a wanton aggressor!—by such men our noble Union is endangered! The North should be too proud to be so made the tool of hypocritical fanaticism, of men labouring for a future of disunion, which they must see is black with anarchy and red with blood. The North must remember that already this exciting question of Slavery has once before shaken the country and threatened the existence of the Union. No man should ever forget the celebrated Missouri controversy. It is of our day—*we* cannot have forgotten it, or how it arrayed the giant minds of this nation bitterly in opposition.

——We have seen the intellectual race
Of giants stand, like Titans, face to face—
Athos and Ida, with a dashing sea
Of Eloquence between, which flowed all free
As the deep billows of the Ægean roar
Betwixt the Hellenic and Phrygian shore.

We can never forget that contest, and we should never forget its solemn lesson. We were upon the turning point in our history, and but a few hours more we would have passed from the list of nations, when HENRY CLAY interposed honourable compromise, and the angry tide on which the constitution had all but made shipwreck, sunk into peace. Let us not run such risks. Let us stand by the Union. We have grown great and prospered under its shadow. Its glory is as wide as the world, its navy upon every sea, its enterprise in every quarter of the globe, and its commerce upon every highway; and its glory, its navy, its enterprise, its commerce are ours, the joint wealth of North and South. Let us stand by that Union and its compromises; and it will be to us, in all time, a "high mountain, a fortress and a refuge," unshaken in the tempest, firm, solid, enduring, regardless of the pelting of the storm, and perishing only with the ages and upheavings of the foundations of the earth. Why should it be otherwise? Why should the North quarrel with and abuse the South, for an institution which, whether right or wrong, exists by a stern necessity created in the past, and which *existed in all the original Old Thirteen?* We are one in language, history, republican spirit, and one in constitution. Why should we not be one in spirit, reverencing a common past, labouring in a common present, hoping in a common future?

From the Augusta [Ga.] Chronicle and Sentinel.

HARMONY AMONG DISUNIONISTS.—"MR. CALHOUN'S Northern allies, (says the *New York Courier and Enquirer,*) are doing all they can to effect the object both parties have so much at heart. The Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society has been holding a Convention at Faneuil Hall, and adjourned on Friday. They adopted a resolution commending, in the highest terms, the 'earnestness, intrepidity, consistency, and self-sacrifice' of Mr. CALHOUN, and that 'the one object to be attempted and achieved, is the *immediate dissolution of the American Union!*"

The Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society need give itself no uneasiness about the cordial efforts of the ultraists in this region to create excitement by sectional appeals, and to pave the way for a Southern Confederacy. They ask for no better provocation than what President POLK calls an "abstraction," to justify them in attempting to dissolve the Union. What was treason in AARON BURR forty-five years ago, is patriotism now in their view of the subject.

Alas, that so much "earnestness, intrepidity, consistency and self-sacrifice," for the "immediate dissolution of the American Union," should be thrown away. The millions that reside on the tributaries of the Mississippi will not permit the mouth of that river to be in the hands of a *Foreign nation.* Indeed, New England has a deep commercial interest in the free navigation of the "father of waters." So slight an interruption to trade as the cholera in New Orleans has caused for a few weeks, is seriously felt in Boston. Speaking of this subject the *Journal* of that city remarks:

"The appearance of the cholera, at New Orleans, has had a detrimental effect upon business. In this, and other northern cities, shipments of goods to that port, usually good at this season of the year, are, in a great measure, suspended. There is an uncertainty attendant upon the trade with New Orleans, which makes it extremely hazardous to forward merchandise. At the West, the appearance of the cholera at New Orleans has, if we may credit the various reports, caused a complete stagnation of business. The business of the West is so intimately connected with that of New Orleans, that any occurrence like the appearance of an epidemic, which causes a stagnation at the latter place, is immediately felt throughout the West.

"It is regretted, that the business of New Orleans has been so suddenly checked in what should be the most active season. We fear that, even though the cholera should disappear, business will not again revive, during the present season, and that disastrous losses to the merchants of that city, and their business connections, will ensue. The events of this winter will show the importance of further facilities for conveying the products of the West to the seaboard, and will give an impetus to the railroads which are now building or projected in the Middle and Western States."

Nervous, purblind abstractionists know nothing of the plain, common sense of an eminently practical people, if they suppose that a handful of disunionists in Massachusetts and South Carolina have moral force enough to make the nation even think of dividing the Confederacy. The most that these "self-sacrificing propagandists can do, is to render themselves extremely unhappy.

From the same.

SOUTHERN MOVEMENT—THE MOTIVE—The Washington correspondent of the Macon *Telegraph*, in the following paragraph discloses the object of the agitators at Washington, in getting up the late movement:

"The *chances* now are, that the Southern Democrats, with the exception of Houston and Benton, will adopt the Address, perhaps somewhat modified, and acting upon its vital recommendations will, one and all, take the stump as soon as Congress adjourns, and together with all other Southern Democratic speakers, speak daily at every cross-road in the South, until the opening of the next session of Congress. *This is a most prominent part of the* PLAN *which will eventually be adopted.*"

Having lost the confidence of the people and been hurled from the high places of the government "THE PLAN" now is to endeavour to make political capital at the South by the agitation of the Slavery question, as the only means of restoring themselves to power. Let the people of the South remember this important disclosure of "THE PLAN," and treat the demagogues with the contempt they merit, when they shall attempt to harrangue them at the "Cross-roads."

From the Florida Republican.

THE CALLED MEETING.—Announcements were posted in different parts of the town, for the last fortnight, for a meeting of the citizens of the county, to be held at the Court House on Monday last, to reason to the Southern Address. They were signed "Many Whigs and Democrats," but who the Whigs and Democrats were, we are not apprised, nor were any of the Whigs from whom we sought to obtain information on the subject. The invitation being public, however, we attended at the hour appointed, expecting to see present at least the many Whigs and Democrats who called the meeting. In a half or three quarters of an hour after the time, about a dozen persons assembled in the neighbourhood of the Court House. Finding the attendance thus limited, the few present dispersed. We remarked that those who had responded to the call were chiefly Whigs; and so far as we know the sentiments of those Whigs, it was their intention to have voted for any reasonable proposition. This is a fact which flatly contradicts the assertion that Whigs are indifferent to the subject. Another fact worthy of note is shown by the failure of this meeting, viz: that there is not that excitement among the *people* which we are sometimes led to believe exists. They are ready to do their duty in any crisis; but they are not willing to forsake the even tenor of their way by attending every anonymously-called meeting.

From the Augusta Chronicle.

THE PROGRESS OF DISUNION.

Some person unknown to us has sent to this office a copy of the "*National Anti-Slavery Standard,*" published by the American Anti-Slavery Society, of the 8th inst. which contains six broad columns of extracts from Southern journals in response to Mr. CALHOUN'S Sectional Address. Our readers are already informed of the fact that, the Anti-Slavery men of the North no longer conceal their treasonable purpose to destroy the federal constitution and overthrow the National Government. The *National Anti-Slavery Standard* introduces its copious extracts from Southern prints with there brief but significant remarks:

"THE SOUTHERN PRESS.

"We continue this week the extracts from Southern papers touching the Disunion Question, choosing those only which advocate the measure."

Here follows 1st a column or more from the Hamburg (S. C.) *Journal;* 2d, from the Columbus (Ga.) *Times;* 3d, the Edgfield (S. C.) *Advertiser;* 4th, the Columbia (S. C.) *Telegraph;* 5th, New Orleans Daily *Crescent;* 6th, Mobile *Herald;* 7th, 'A Nashville paper;' 8th, Columbia (S. C.) *Telegraph;* 9th, the article signed "Liberty" and published in the last named journal; in which the writer takes bold ground in favour of erecting a Southern Confederacy.

That all the "Southern papers" claimed as allies and friends by the Northern disunionists really wish to break up the existing Confederacy, we do not believe; but that the course pursued by Mr. CALHOUN and the Agitators will result in a civil war, if not in the dismemberment of the Union, if the people of the South generally countenance this sectional movement, we entertain not a doubt. But we have more confidence in the conservative feeling and patriotism of the people of the South than on the conservatism of the the people of the North. The masses among the latter are taught to regard slave labour as degrading to them as working men—as a badge of servitude unjustly imposed on honest manual toil. The artful VAN BUREN Free-Soilers have approached the sensibilities of the masses at this weak point in the natural pride of the human heart, with signal success. Nor are the CASS democracy a whit behind the Free-Soilers in their hostility to Slavery, while they greatly excel them in craving more territory for free labour. The democracy of Ohio gave the electoral votes of that large State to the Michigan abolitionist. Mr. CHASE, who has long prayed with Mr. CASS "for the abolition of Slavery everywhere," has recently been elected by a coalition of democrats and abolitionists to fill a seat in the United States Senate:

In 1843 Messrs. CHASE and LEWIS, published a call for an abolition Convention at Columbus. The Convention met and among its doings, it adopted the following resolution, which was proposed by Mr. CHASE *in propria persona:*

Resolved, That we hereby give it to be distinctly understood, by this Nation and the World that, the *Abolitionists,* considering that the strength of our cause lies in its righteousness, and our hopes for it in our conformity to the laws of God, and our support for the rights of man, we owe to the sovereign Ruler of the Universe as a proof of our allegiance to Him, in all our civil relations and offices, whether as friends, citizens, or as public functionaries, sworn to support the constitution of the United States, to *construe and treat the third clause of the instrument, whenever applied in the case of a fugitive slave,* AS UTTERLY NULL AND VOID, *and consequently as forming no part of the constitution of the United States,* WHENEVER WE ARE CALLED UPON AS SWORN TO SUPPORT IT.

Such is CASS democracy at the North.

Instead of encouraging the insane fanatics in the non-slaveholding States, to believe that, we of the South are ready to dismember the Republic and form a southern confederacy, we should plant ourselves firmly on the constitution, and maintain its integrity and that of the union, at every hazard. The federal constitution was established by the Sovereign People of the Nation; and they will uphold and defend it against all assaults, come they from what quarter they may.

From the Louisville Journal.

THE UNION.—The recent resolution of the Massachusetts Abolition Society, recommending a dissolution of the Union, and the frequent intimations of a similar desire in South Carolina, show in a stroug light the evil tendency of sectional controversies. This open disloyalty in both sections of the Union owes its origin to these controversies, and, if they are kept up and wax warmer, it will spread until disunion becomes the common sentiment. But this cannot be. The now obvious danger to the harmony of the Union and to its very existence, will cause every true patriot to recoil, and a more moderate and fraternal spirit will prevail. The sentiment of union was never stronger than at this moment, and these baleful symptoms will but strengthen it. We do not belive that outside of this pestiferous Abolition society in Massachusetts and the knot of fanatics in South Carolina, there are a hundred men in the United States that do not regard the Union as sacred.

From the S. C. Telegraph.

THE SOUTHERN QUESTION REDUCED TO A GAME OF HEADS AND TAILS.

The *Augusta Chronicle* is playing a game of "Heads and Tails" on the Southern question with the Northern wing of the Whig party on the principle of "*heads you win, tails we lose*"—and piques itself greatly upon its subserviency to the "powers that be." It will find little aid and comfort in its toadyism of General Taylor, and abject prostration of will and principle before him, from the Southern people—and (if we mistake not the old soldier) will gain but little of his respect by "bending the pregnant hinges of the knee" before him, as thus:

☞ "*What possible use can an intelligent, upright Executive* have for a set of *factious resolution mongers* in any part of the Union? If such *partizan trumpery* exert any influence at all, it must be in the line of distraction, division and weakness. ☜

This is applied to meetings of large masses of southern citizens from Virginia to Texas, who have only organized for defence against northern aggression. Could the Roman autocrat be soothed by more humble adulation?

It is highly improper then, that the people should presume to meet in council when not "By Authority" of the Executive. The line of conduct for all of us poor devils (the southern people) to pursue, is thus chalked out by this self-constituted master of ceremonies.

☞ "*Instead of undertaking to lead our leader, and overrule our General, and thus destroy all unity and harmony in action, let us permit the head to be head—not the tail.*" ☜

Pro-di-gi-ous!

That is, surrender up all independence of thought and freedom of action—close your eyes and seal your lips—and in all due humility and prostration of spirit put yourselves *under the protection* of General Taylor!!

Southern manhood is at a low ebb indeed, if such propositions as this do not excite the indignant scorn of those who are counselled to act so miserable a part.

If General Taylor is indeed to be *the head,* the "*Chronicle*" may be content to constitute the *caudal appendage* to which it would degrade the Southern people—but THEY will *stand up* face to face with him, "asking nothing but what is right, and submitting to nothing that is wrong" but vindicating their right as freemen boldly to declare the line of conduct they will pursue, if the aggressions against their rights be persisted in.

This course does not suit the *Chronicle,* which frequently fires its pop-gun pellets at the *Telegraph,* for advocating it. In its very last issue we are favoured with the following snarling comment, for unmasking the schemes of *its* Northern allies:

There is no paper so much copied from by the Anti-Slavery journals of the North, as the Columbia *Telegraph;* nor do we believe that another print can be found in the Union, which plays so constantly into the hands of Northern fanatics, (who commend Mr. Calhoun, and seriously aim to dissolve the confederacy,) as our South Carolina contemporary.

That our smooth pebbles hurled from so small a sling, have gone so far, is proof positive of the force they carry with them from their innate weight—and it they *hit hard,* they were intended so to do.—The fable of "the old man and his apples" should be recollected by our neighbour—for he has not even thrown "tufts of grass" at our assailants, but persuaded them that they might rob with impunity, and that the apples were sour apples after all, not worth caring for.

As to "playing into the hands of Northern Fanatics," the files of the two papers will show which is amenable to that charge—and if those Journals do copy *our* articles, it is never *with commendation!* as would be the case were they to copy those of the *Chronicle,* which in tone, spirit and temper, are identically similar to their own. When the *Chronicle* aspires to a more elevated ambition than that of *following its* "LEADER," and can sympathize with the indignant throbbings of the Southern heart, then, and not till then, will it truly represent southern sentiment, and produce an impression on the minds of those who hate the South, and would crush her did they not fear her—and to whom such cold-blooded calculators as the *Chronicle* are the most efficient allies and dearly beloved brethren. Such is the head and front of its offending—and of ours—let the public voice decide between us.

From the (Columbia) South Carolinian.

THE RECKLESSNESS OF THE PRESS.

We are astonished to see the length to which the Augusta *Chronicle and Sentinel* has gone in its abuse of Southern men and Southern movements. We have forborne to notice its frequent attacks on Mr. Calhoun, in the vain hope that they would cease; but its article of last Wednesday morning, is enough to make the blood of every Carolinian and true southerner boil with indignation. We call upon the southern press to give a withering rebuke to such an outrage upon the best feelings of the southern people. Such language surely cannot find favour with the people of Georgia; indeed our only wonder is that it is tolerated. The article to which we refer, is headed "Extremes Meet," and opens with laying before its readers a resolution passed at the late meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society of Massachusetts, declaring "the *immediate dissolution of the Union* to be the one great object to be attempted and achieved." We are almost ashamed to give our readers the Chronicle's comments, but we feel it our duty to point out every recreancy which may come under our observation, in this day of the South's peril. The *Chronicle* says, in alluding to the above resolution:

"There is no equivocation in the language of the above resolution. It proposes to separate the non-slaveholding from the slaveholding States for a specific purpose, which is openly avowed. A dissolution of the Union is the common object aimed at by the ultraists both North and South. One faction affects to believe that a separation will settle the slaveholding interest; and the other that it will lead to the extinction of Slavery in all North America. Both factions agree in maintaining a ceaseless agitation of the subject. Both make extreme sectional views a test for political preferment. It is difficult for a calm observer to discover a shade of difference between the hot blooded Slavery propagandists of the North. The fanaticism of the one is the exact counterpart of the fanaticism of the other. If these shining lights of *propagandism* were only together in the same community, what a transcendant illumination they would make! Would it not be well to colonize them in some territory by themselves, that the civilized world might witness the great things which their united strength and matchless zeal would achieve? Is it not a pity that so much ability and labour should be thrown away."

This is beautiful from a Southern press, nourished and sustained by those whom it holds up as "Ultraists," "Sectionalists," and "Slavery Propagandists." Has it came to this, that we are told unblushingly that it is difficult to discover a shade of difference between those who are battling for our just rights and the Abolitionists of the North, and that too by a press in our very midst? We did not think that party zeal, even heated to the highest degree of the political thermometer, could give birth to such sentiments, or utterance to such language. But we were mistaken, as the following sentences prove:

"The men at the North that voted to make a Louisiana planter President, are denounced as 'time-servers and doughfaces,' who are ready to betray the 'sacred principles of liberty.' Those sectionalists will tolerate no man that does not join them in their insane crusade against their brethren in one half the States of the confederacy. So, too, the sectionalists in this quarter of the Union proscribe and threaten 'to put to the sword' every man that fails to join them in fighting for every 'abstraction' which human ingenuity can invent. It seems to be the privilege of certain men to erect a new 'southern platform' at every change of the moon. They insist that every citizen shall attempt to stand upon this platform as long as the builders do, but not a minute longer. This extreme proneness to take new positions, and promptly to abandon them, is one of the distinguishing characteristics of Southern Democracy."

So "Southern Democracy" offends, because that, with a few honest Whigs, its members have attempted to stay the progress of aggression, insult, and wrong. Be it so. If parties *must be* dragged into this question, we rejoice that the Democracy of the South are found in the van of southern defence; for a day of reckoning must come, when the freemen of the South will [illegible] appreciation of the loyalty of the "Southern Democracy" to their institutions. The *Chronicle and Sentinel* will yet repent *its* "ultraism," in denouncing the patriotic statesmen of the South in their efforts to preserve their just rights. It will find that the "comparatively few citizens who own slaves," mentioned in the paragraph below, are sufficient in number to resist aggression from their enemies as well as to *justly appreciate* that party and press at home which seem to give them "aid and comfort."

The following is from the concluding paragraph of this bitter article:

"But is this spirit of propagandism either South or North worthy of encouragement? Suppose that the fanatics in both sections succeed in getting up all the sectional antipathy which their joint labours are so admirably calculated to excite. What are the comparatively few citizens who own slaves to gain by the operation? If we are not greatly mistaken, the over-zeal of friends is ten-fold more injurious to the cause which they affect to have so much at heart than all the Anti-Slavery societies in the world."

This is a free country. If the *Chronicle* is in favour of the Wilmot Previso restrictions, or would rather see the Southern people submit to them than resist them, let it come out boldly and say so. We like candor; but let no Southern press, professing to be attached to the institutions by which it is surrounded and sustained, brand as "ultraists" or "hot-blooded Slavery propagandists," those who are contending for rights and equality under our federal compact, security for their property, and in defence of all that they hold dear as citizens of this Republic.

From the Louisville Journal.

FANATICISM.—The "Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society" has recently held a convention. This society is composed of that interesting class of persons who regard our General Government as one of the greatest iniquities, and, thus viewing it, are ardently in favour of overturning and destroying it. The terms on which persons are admitted to membership in this society are so exclusive that very few even of the regular Abolitionists of Massachusetts are able to get into it. Abbey Kelly and Lloyd Garrison are very prominent members, and exert their sweet voices on all occasions for the purpose of proving that all good Christians are bound by consistency to their faith to oppose with all their hearts the perpetuity of our Union. They denounce the members of the other Abolition Society as timid people, who are untrue to their principles, because they are willing to remain under the Federal Government.—These immaculate persons at their late convention adopted a resolution commending in the highest terms the "earnestness, intrepidity, consistency, and self-sacrifice" which distinguish the Hon. John C. Calhoun in his efforts to bring about a dissolution of the Union.

Thus it is that extremes meet. While the Southern fanatics think that in disunion will be found a means of protecting slave property and of perpetuating the system of African Slavery, the Northern fanatics urge disunion as necessary to the consummation of their duties. The fact that the ultra men of both sections look forward to disunion as a remedy for the grievances which they fancy they are now labouring under, ought to convince all sensible men, if any argument were needed to convince them, that it is their duty zealously and perseveringly to oppose all movements and the growth of all sentiments that conflict directly with that fervid and unsectional patriotism which regards disunion with the most profound aversion. The greater the experience of our government, the more forcibly does the wisdom of its founders present itself to the view of their successors. These great and good and far-seeing men prescribed a course of conduct for the government they instituted, which, if strictly adhered to, would insure its perpetuity to the latest generations. The sum of their wisdom may be found in Washington's farewell address, a document which ought to be committed to memory by every American in his youth and cherished by him through his manhood, as the wisdom of Confucius is cherished by the Chinese.

From the Batesville, Arkansas, Eagle.

THE SOUTHERN ADDRESS.—This document takes up more than half of the reading matter of our paper, yet the subject of which it treats is so important to the South, and the entire Union, that we trust its extreme length will not deter any one from an attentive perusal of it.

We proceed now briefly to give our opinion touching this matter. In the first place, we deeply regret that Berrien's address had not been adopted. It appealed to the whole Union, and was not sectional. It did not seek to fasten upon the free States, in their sovereign capacity, a determination to trample upon the rights of the South, so much as it did persons acting in a private capacity. It would have carried greater weight with it from the fact that every southern member would have signed it. While, then, we would have vastly preferred Mr. Berrien's address, we find no fault with those who signed Mr. Calhoun's.

The course of Mr. Calhoun, since the celebrated days of Nullification, has been such, that he is viewed with a suspicious eye. There are few outside of his admirers, who believe that he would not rather see this glorious union dissolved, than that any of his peculiar notions upon this subject of Slavery should be thwarted. For this reason, we view him in such a crisis as the poorest leader the South could have. His magnificent talents, and spotless private character, have alone saved him from odium. A less great man, pursuing his course, would have been looked upon at all events as a most dangerous man, and unfit for public station.

But to this address. Upon examination we find that, of the 121 members from the slave States, but 48 signed it. And the political complexion of the signers, and those refusing, stands thus—of the 48, only two are Whigs; of the 73 not singing, 46 are Whigs and 27 Democrats. From Missouri, but one Senator and one Representative signed it; of the two Representatives and two Senators from Texas, but one Representative signed it; but one out of three from Florida, signed it; not one from Kentucky. And so on.

From this want of unanimity, the address loses that very force it should carry with it.

Gott's *infamous resolution,* upon the second sober thought of those advocating it, was reconsidered—proving that there is a better feeling among the members from the free States, and an unwillingness to trample upon our rights.

That the South has just cause to complain, no sane man can deny; but she should be mild, moderate and firm, in the assertion of her rights. Bullying and high-sounding talk will not effect us much, as firm but conciliatory language. This union is too precious to the people, North, South, East and West, to be dissolved on any pretext. The great body of the people at the North are sound upon the subject of Slavery—willing to give us that best security—our rights and guaranties under the Constitution of the United States. Regulate the matter of Slavery in the District of Columbia—place it upon the footing desired by a large majority of the inhabitants thereof, and we honestly believe, the excitement at the North, and among the free States, will in a brief period be confined solely to the ultra Abolitionists.

From the Columbia, S. C. Telegraph.

TALKING OF TREASON.

We have ever contended that the desire for disunion has long been entertained at the North, and that from thence the present peril has originated.—Ample confirmation of this fact has been afforded by the course of the North towards the South for a long series of years, stamped with the popular seal at the Buffalo Convention and by the recent revelations on the floor of Congress. In this matter they have been the agitators and the aggressors, not we—although with canting hypocrisy, they now would seek to make us responsible for the consequences of their own fanaticism and folly. Some few among them, however, are more fearless and more honest—they openly avow their purpose, for among the Resolutions passed at the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, at a convention recently in session in Faneuil Hall, Boston, was one declaring, that "the one great object to be attempted and achieved is *the immediate dissolution of the American Union.*"

And yet with the fact staring us in the face for months past, that the alternative presented was either our degradation or a separation from those Northern fanatics, Southern [illegible] astonishment and horror at this open declaration of a purpose so long covertly entertained and pushed onward to completion. The Baltimore *Sun* (occupying the neutral ground between the contending parties) expresses the most holy horror at this audacious expression of sentiments, designates it as "*a treasonable project,*" and after a lengthy exordium, winds up with the following intimation which cuts *both ways,* for if the North cannot talk of secession—the South cannot, under any series of outrages resort to it, without the assertion of "*those conservative principles by which treason can be restrained;*"

"Our institutions—our principles of government are liberal and tolerant, and must ever remain so, let fanaticism court the infamy of treason by professions and resolutions as vociferously as it may. But when it comes to *put its purposes into execution, the time will have arrived to assert the conservative principles of the government by which treason can be restrained, even under the liberality of a genuine republic.*"

Among all our exchanges there is none which we value more than the *Sun,* for the admirable business tact with which it is conducted, and the strong good sense usually characterizing its Editorials—but in this case, our contemporary, in his righteous indignation, has flourished out of his depth, and talks idly.

In what article of our Constitution is the definition of "Treason" laid down, which would cover this case of one similar, and where are the powers given to compel the obedience of a Sovereign State to unconstitutional acts by the strong arm of military force? If we live under a government possessing such powers, then this is a *Model Republic,* indeed!

From the Maysville (Ky.) Eagle.

THE SOUTHERN ADDRESSES.

The addresses which were submitted by Messrs. Calhoun and Berrien to the recent Convention of the Southern members of Congress have just made their appearance in the public journals. The address prepared by Mr. Calhoun, which was finally adopted, is in the form of a joint communication from those composing the Convention to their constituents. It traces the history of the controversy between the North and the South upon the subject of Slavery from its commencement to the present time. This controversy or conflict, as the address characterizes it, originated previously to the adoption of the federal constitution. But it was allayed and arranged for the time by the compromises of that instrument.

After distinctly stating the terms of the constitutional treaty, by which the rights and interests of the South were insured protection and support, the address charges the North with a settled determination beginning in 1819, with the Missouri question, to violate all the compromises of that treaty, ending only with the abolition of Slavery in the Southern States. It enumerates the various aggressions by the North upon the South in disregard of their solemn faith pledged in the letter and spirit of the Constitution. These are stated with boldness and minute distinctness. In the charge are included the people of the North, their State Legislatures and their Representatives in Congress. The accusations are in the main just and well sustained—particularly that, which describes in such a graphic and forcible manner the various devices by which the clause of the Constitution compelling the surrender of fugitive slaves is rendered entirely nugatory. But they are rather too much impregnated with the peculiar fervour and severity of Mr. Calhoun upon this subject to meet with general acceptance at the South. And we are sorry to perceive that in the course of them he makes an unmanly attack upon the Missouri compromise which was hailed by the whole country with so much joy, and whose great author was pronounced the Saviour of the Union. Towards the close, the address hints plainly enough to be understood that the people of the South were unmindful of their rights and interests, and rendered them subservient to party success in the election of Gen. Taylor. In discussing the principles of the Wilmot Proviso, his positions in relation to the character of our Union are those which were long since exploded by Mr. Webster, and are such as, if carried out would lead to Nullification.

These were the reasons why the address met with the determined opposition from Messrs. Underwood, Metcalfe and Morehead of our State, and others from the South. It closes with an earnest injunction upon the South to hold all other questions as subordinate to that of Slavery, and be firmly united upon that; but recommends nothing further. Its ominous silence as to any further course of action, and its closing allusion to the fearful consequences which may

ciliatory not only in his disposition but in his speeches and writings. He has, however, a deep hold upon the affections of the Northern Whigs and may speak to them, at least, more warmly and with better prospect of being heard than Mr. Calhoun, who is regarded with some distrust by all, and with very little kindness of feeling by any of the political parties in this country. Altogether, then, it is probable that the Committee did wisely in substituting one address for the other, and we hope the general circulation of Judge Berrien's paper may be productive of lasting benefits to the South.

The indications from Washington seem to be a little favourable at times to the adjustment of the Slavery issue, and there are many who believe that some compromise, generally satisfactory, may be adopted. This belief made the more conservative among our Southern members strongly averse to the publication of Mr. Calhoun's address, the tone of which is said to be anything but conciliatory. The triumph of this conservatism in the adoption of Judge Berrien's composition is a favourable omen, and we consequently wait for the "crisis" with better hopes of a satisfactory result.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY APRIL 5, 1849.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

OF THE

AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.

The FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in the TABERNACLE, [illegible] MAY next.

The Annual Meeting of the American Society is the most important Anti-Slavery Meeting held anywhere during the year.

The ANNIVERSARY at the TABERNACLE represents to the country at large the progress, the efficiency, and even the existence, of the Anti-Slavery cause. It is to vast numbers of people the only sign of the continued zeal and spirit of the Abolitionists, of whose local meetings they never hear.

The BUSINESS MEETINGS of the Society have always brought together in counsel a larger number of Abolitionists from various parts of the Northern States than is ever convened on any other occasion. The general interests of the cause command, at that time, a consideration which at no other can be given them.

It has never, since the formation of the society, been more apparent than at this moment, that the Anti-Slavery cause is left where it ever has been, in the hands of the members of the American Society. There is as yet no reason to suppose that Slavery will ever be abolished except through its efforts.

The general importance of the Annual Meeting, and the aspect of the cause at this moment, which gives us every thing to hope for if we persevere,—everything to fear if we falter—appeal alike loudly to Abolitionists, all over the land, to make the ensuing ANNUAL MEETING of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY one that shall do more even than any previous one has done to drive the South to despair in defence of its felonious system of society, and the North to a more determined attitude than any portion of it has ever yet ventured to assume in defence of its own rights, and the assertion of the rights of the slave.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Prest.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, S. H. GAY, } Secy's.

The Southern Press.

Our amiable contemporaries of the Southern press are stirred up to great wrath at our temerity in copying the Disunion and Anti Disunion articles from their papers for the perusal of our Northern and fanatical readers. We have continued our rash course in this week's paper, and shall continue to do so so long as we find it interesting to ourselves or think it will be so to others.—We beg our good tempered friends, down South, to keep cool about it, for they may depend upon it, it is all they can do. We shall continue to copy from their papers as long as we please, and they can't help themselves. To refuse to exchange with us will do them no good, for the arrangements—as the *New York Herald* would say—of our magnificent and complete establishment, and the enterprise we display in all departments of our publication office, are such that we see all the Southern papers we wish to, whether their proprietors like or dislike it, or whether they send them to us or not. New York is a great city and a great many things can be done here which are never dreamed of in a country of such "slow coaches" as the other side of Mason & Dixon's Line.

In several articles on our first page will be found allusions to the *Standard*, to the American, and Massachusetts Societies, which show what a hornest's nest, we have put our shears into. We honestly confess that we had no expectation of hearing such a buzzing in return for laying before our readers the articles from Southern papers. It had not occurred to us that they could have any objection to its being known at the North what they were talking about, and how they were talking;—not that we should have hesitated to stir them up, if we had known it. Nor does it matter much what the objection is to their articles being copied into an Anti-Slavery paper; whether the Disunionists are angry at being taken at their word,—or the Anti-Disunionists are vexed that it is clear by their own showing that there is nothing we Northern folk need be frightened at;—or whether it is that they are all indignant at the mere fact that an Abolitionist should venture first to look at, then to read, and then actually to copy into his incendiary 'nigger' sheet their leading editorials:—it does't matter, we repeat, and we shall copy their lucubrations as long as we think they will pay for reading. And when they say anything which we consider especially good, or want to reply to, we shall put it here in our editorial columns. As for instance the *Columbia South Carolinian* says:

ABOLITION PAPER.

We have received a copy of the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, published in New York. Time was when these incendiary publications were not permitted to be carried in the United States mail, and we think southern Postmasters now would confer a favour on the people of the South by returning them, when or wherever they find them.

We advise southern Postmasters to do no such thing. They may save themselves the trouble, for we don't take returned exchanges from the office.

The *Richmond Daily Whig* notices us thus:

"ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD."

"Without Concealment—Without Compromise."

The above is the title and caption of a paper sent to us the other day, with a request to "exchange?" We hope the gentlemen publishers will excuse our declension; but we shall do no such thing. Upon the reception of these sheets, containing their diatribes upon the South, we always feel inclined to say, as Beatrice does to Benedict—

"Strange that you will be talking—nobody minds you!"

To which our smart little neighbour of the *Day Book* adds:

"That's right—don't exchange with any paper differing with yours in sentiment!"

But the *Whig*, proceeds after a bit in passing at the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, whose editor it threatens with the Penitentiary, for declaring his determination to assist fugitive slaves, thus:

We do not mean, by these remarks, to ascribe to any considerable portion of the northern people the virulence against us and our institutions that these kindred sheets indicate. Far from it. We rather believe that the larger portion of the population on the other side of Mason's and Dixon's Line, view with reprehension these efforts of meddling fanatics, and have no sympathy in common with them. We have also reason to know that there are people north of us, who, in their regard for law and order, look upon the movements of these incendiaries, as a viler "REPUDIATION" of the solemn guarantees of the Constitution, than any which, we are pained to say, has attached to some southern States, as well as Pennsylvania, on the score of indebtedness.

To all which we are very sorry to reply that we fear the *Whig* is right. The majority of the northern people are almost as pro-Slavery as a slaveholder's heart could desire. But then the *Whig* will be sorry in its turn to learn that they are fast getting over it,—are growing fanatic and better every year, and a large minority are almost as bad as we are.

But see how savagely the editor of the *Macon (Ga.) Messenger* treats us. On the margin of a paper he sends us he writes as with a blood red pencil:

"We will exchange with no such villainous sheet."

ED. *Journal and Messenger*,
Macon, Ga.

We promise the editor of the *Messenger* that we mean to see his paper nevertheless, and we expect to find something yet that will pay us for the trouble, for we believe it is in his section of country where a straw hat and a pair of spurs is considered the genteel thing in summer time. Even in this number of his paper we see somebody wants to sell Martin Van Buren, a negro boy of 14 years of age;—is he sold because that is his name, or named that because he is a 'nigger?'—and another offers $25 reward for his "*negro* man John," a tailor by trade, who has run away, and "will doubtless attempt to pass himself off as a *white* or freeman!"

Morals of Richland.—The Columbia *Telegraph* states that at the recent term of the Court at that place there was but one conviction for assault and battery—one for beating a slave, punished by fine and imprisonment, and two for petty larceny on the smallest scale.

This record of criminal cases is decidedly creditable to the morals of the District. What will perhaps especially excite surprise with fanatical Abolitionists, is the fact that a conviction for "beating a slave" should have been obtained, for which a sentence of "fine and imprisonment" was passed. We do not mention this by any means as an isolated or extraordinary case, but merely take the occasion to say that whatever the slanderers of the South may assert to the contrary, the unwarrantable violation of the person of a *slave* in South Carolina is jealously guarded against by the owner, and he is far more likely to obtain redress and satisfaction for unjustifiable injury, than the friendless and miserable *free* blacks at the North, who are frequently left to the tender mercies of those who would scoff at his complaints, while they pretend to be philanthropists, *par excellence*.

We cut the above paragraph from the *Charleston Courier* of the 17th March, for which we claim the thanks of that paper, as otherwise, the fanatical Abolitionists would have lost the opportunity of being astonished, which it offers them. Before anybody, however, is completely overwhelmed, we beg leave to direct the reader's attention to the qualification of the writer of the paragraph, that "the unwarrantable violation of the person of the slave in South Carolina is jealously guarded against by *the owner*;" the protection, in other words, is extended to a piece of property for the benefit of the owner thereof, and not to a man having the right of protection in life and limb. The *Courier* might have quoted the law in support of its assertion, but as it did not, we will. It is as follows: "If any negro or other slave, who shall be employed in the lawful business or service of his master, owner, overseer, &c. shall be beaten &c. by any person or persons, *not having sufficient cause or lawful authority* for so doing, and *shall be maimed or disabled by such beating*, from performing his or *her* work, such person or person so *offending* shall forfeit and pay, TO THE OWNER OR OWNERS of such slave, *the sum of fifteen shillings current money per diem*, for every day of *his lost time*, and also the charge of the cure of such slave." This law fully bears out the assertion of the *Courier*, that the violation of the person of the slave "is jealously guarded against by the owner"—the law-maker. The case referred to was probably an aggravated one, and the slave perhaps "maimed or disabled" for life; hence the imprisonment. On mature consideration of the matter our fanaticism, we confess, remains unmitigated.

We are not disposed to defend that class of persons at the North to whom the *Courier* refers as the enemies of the free blacks, but that paper should know that it is wounding its friends. The oppressor of the free black is always the defender of Slavery; and it is only colonizationists who pretend, at the same time to be philanthropists; and the *Courier* need not be told what ardent and practical supporters they are of the institution of which it leads us here to take a glimpse.

A file of newspapers, as everybody acknowledges, is the fullest and most reliable contemporaneous history that is, or ever can be, written. The politics and the morality, the literature and the charities, the business and the amusements of the day—the external and the internal life of the people—how they clothed themselves—what food they fed on—of what they built their houses—what they bought and sold—what they raised and manufactured—to what home and distant markets they went—and whether on beasts of burden, in ships, or steamers, in wains or by rail; the relation of man to his neighbour, his government, and the people of other countries; everything in short, that appertains to his daily life is written down in the columns of the newspaper minutely, with no wish to support a theory, or tell a story, but in all the passion and feeling of the moment, and the unmistakeable interests of the passing day. A newspaper is your true chronicle, and a people of newspapers literally keeps and publishes its daily journal, and tells the story of its life as it goes along.

Now suppose some Macaulay, of two or three hundred years hence, shall have seen a number of the *Standard*, and learned that about the middle of the nineteenth century there was a class of persons in the then United States who aimed at the overthrow of the system of American Slavery. If what they say about it be true he will conclude that it was a most barbarous and unchristian system, and only wonder that so enlightened a people as these Americans professed to be could tolerate it for a moment, and so ensure the necessity of such a paper as the *Standard*. But the curious antiquary finds also a file of the *Charleston Courier*, and in the number of the 17th of March, 1849, he learns that these opponents of the system of Slavery were only a band of fanatics—traducers of the good name of their neighbours—intermeddlers in what in no wise concerned them—calumniators—men who loved for the sake of a theory, or from a worse motive, to misrepresent facts, and make a lie appear a truth. So would he conclude from the paragraph we have quoted from the *Courier*, and he turns to other portions of that paper, if haply he may get any light from facts, and not opinion, therein unmistakeably recorded, upon the character of this peculiar institution. Slavery, if we may believe the *Courier*, is a good thing, better than freedom; the persons of the slaves are never violated, and, of course, he will conclude, their rights as men, as parents, as children, as citizens, are never violated. Let us see what he would find.

"COMMITTED *to the jail of Sumter District*" runs an advertisement on which his eye first falls—what? a "dark brown woman," "with large bright eyes," about 23 or 25 years of age, dressed in an Alpaca or Merino dress, and who calls herself Martha Dean. She is described as having only one blemish—the loss of an upper front tooth,—a mark, he would find, if he should become familiar with thissort of literature, mentioned almost universally in this class of advertisements. But of what crime has the dark brown woman been guilty? None, it would seem. Her mistress left her in Charleston, and she is committed, "and her owner is requested to come forward prove property, pay expenses, and take her from jail." The curious reader will begin to suspect that there is an ambiguity in the words of the *Courier*, and that we may get some light as to the sort of protection, secured to the slave '*by* the owner'—that it is *for* the owner. We may as well number the facts he discovers.

No. 2. "ABSCONDED from the plantation on South Santee," writes James H. Ladson and Co. one "James, a stout short, round shouldered fellow, about 50 years of age." Why absconded? James is a seaman and pilot, and has served in the latter capacity on the Santee river. It is an honourable calling; why should he run away from it, if protected in his right to labour, and the enjoyment of the fruits thereof? Is the ten dollars reward offered for his apprehension, for his benefit or that of some one else? James also is marked by the loss of a front tooth.

No. 3. "FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD."—Another, and a brown man named Orange has run away from Athens Georgia. He is polite and quick in answering when spoken to, but will not it seems acknowledge the name of Orange, nor that he has a master, and, "is likely will have forged free papers." Who knows but he may be one of the free coloured people spoken of by the *Courier*, as so abused by Northern philanthropists, and that the falsehood is in Park E. Arnold of Athens, Georgia, who offers the fifty dollars reward to any one who will protect Orange, till he can get him?

No. 4. "FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD" again is offered to any one who will apprehend and deliver, to B. O. Jones, of Fayette co. Georgia, or lodge in jail, so that Jones may get him, one 'Bill, *alias* Achilles,' 'a bright mulatto, of 30 years, with a heavy head of hair.' 'Bill' is "quite smart, pleasing countenance, quick spoken, *handy at most any kind of business*, has worked some at the plastering and carpenter's business, and has also been a boat hand." Evidently he "does not like the way in which he was protected at the South, and seeks some other sphere in which to exercise his talent at various handy work, "as he may," Mr. Jones says, "attempt to get North, or pass for a free man, as I am informed he had obtained free papers." Or he may have gone back to where he was "formerly owned," on the Rappahanock River, Virginia. Had Bill left a wife and children behind him, in Virginia, or father and mother?

No. 5. "RUNAWAY!"—Another woman—"a tall straight-haired, middle-aged brown woman," called 'Fanny.' A reward will be paid for her also, and masters of vessels are cautioned against taking her away, and against every person whomsoever the law will be enforced for harbouring her. And application in this case is to be made at the *Courier* Office. Is she the editors handmaiden, and is it Fanny's rights, or his own property of which he esteems the law so jealous a guardian?

The curious antiquary will have learned by this time, that there is a radical difference of opinion of what constitutes rights in the two parties to this controversy. But he has not yet got all the facts which may be gathered from this single No. of the *Courier* of March 17th; let him search a little further. Heretofore masters, he learns, are unwilling to part with their slaves, either for his profit or their good, and now comes a new phase of the system—they were anxious to be rid of them.

No. 6. "MARKET WOMAN." Z. B. Oakes advertises for sale "a woman, 40 years of age, an excellent sale woman in the market, *perfectly sound*, and of *warranted character for honesty*"—which is probably a warranty which the market-woman would be loath to give of Mr. Oakes.

No. 7. LOUIS D. DESAUSSURE, who signs himself Broker, Auctioneer, and Commission Merchant—and a pretty sort of trade he seems to drive—has "At Private Sale, Clarissa, a *very likely* woman, about 35 years of age, an *excellent washer* and *ironer, good seamstress and cook*;" with her two children, a girl of nine years, and a boy of fifteen months of age. They are declared to be of good character, and are sold, as Northern advertisements for horses sometimes run, "because their owner is about leaving the city." It does not appear that the mother may not be bought without the children.

No. 8. P. J. PORCHER—how apt the names are—the hog!—advertises "VALUABLE TIDE SWAMP LANDS AND NEGROES." There are too plantations on the North Santee River, and with them will be sold "an uncommonly prime gang of about SIXTY NEGROES accustomed to the culture of rice on the above plantations."

No. 9. At private sale, again, John M. Gilchrist—*Kill Christ* it is pronounced probably—offers "a MAN," —so the word is emphasised—"25 years of age, and his wife, 20 years of age, first rate field hands:

"Two WOMEN, 18 years of age:

"Six likely Boys and Men, 15 to 20 years of age field hands:

"Four Families with from 2 to 6 in number, accustomed to field work:

"A *first-rate seamstress and Housekeeper* with her two children:

"A MAN, *first-rate* bricklayer and plasterer: and

"Two Boys 12 years of age," who as they are to be sold without parents our man of the future will be led to suppose that Mr. Kill Christ holds all this property—these husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters in lots to suit purchasers.

For that men, women, and children are held as property, subject to all the accidents of property, and protected in none of the rights of persons, will begin to dawn upon him, and the last advertisement of the *Courier* will settle, in his mind, if he be, as we are supposing, a candid man, and seeking for the truth, what manner of thing this system of American Slavery is.

No. 10. ONE DAVID GORDON, of Mobile, has for sale "Land, Negroes, and Stock of all Kinds." It is his own plantation which he offers, and which he describes as a desirable one in South Alabama, but the *other* property, continues his advertisement,—"the *other* property consists of 35 or 40 negroes, 25 horses and mules, and all OTHER *kind of Plantation Stock*," to be sold on reasonable terms! Mr. David Gordon doubtless knows where to find a good customer, and chooses the *Courier* as a sure medium of communication with a public who put negroes and *other* beasts of burden on the same footing.

Now we maintain that this is a pretty good list of facts to be taken from a single number of a Charleston paper, and index enough to the character of the system of Slavery; and we will warrant that even the editor of the *Courier* will feel an uneasy twinge at the thought of his great great grandchild studying out from his ancestor's paper from such facts as these the state of society in which that ancestor lived, and the method whereby he, in part, earned his daily bread. Nay, we do not doubt that the editor of the *Courier* will denounce us with mingled feelings of rage and shame, for thus copying, almost without comment, a list of advertisements from a single number of his paper to spread before our readers,—especially abroad, in Great Britain and Ireland, and France. At least we hope he may feel some shame at such an exhibition; we are that we are native of a country where such things be.

Delaware Anti-Slavery Society.

We find in the *Blue Hen's Chickens*, (Wilmington) the Fifth Annual Report of the Delaware Anti-Slavery Society. It is full of hope, and in no wise disheartened that its efforts for the overthrow of Slavery in that State have not yet been crowned with success. We make an extract:

* * * *

That the exodus from Slavery and elevation in the scale of being of the dusky sons of America, is no less certain than our own elevation has been, may be as fully relied upon, as that there is a God who rules the universe and dispenses his blessings to his children impartially, be they of whatever clime, complexion, or condition they may. In vain was it that our Legislature, at its last session, endeavoured to interpose its puny efforts to stay the tide of moral revolution. It might with equal wisdom and effect, have attempted to stay the resistless waves of the noble Delaware, and to roll back its tides to their fountains, as to attempt to arrest this work. It has its foundation in the nature of things, and has God for its author, and its members by its action are attempting to subvert the order of nature, and oppose the decrees of the All-wise. In their effort to dam the resistless stream, they will find their work and themselves swept away by its tide, and their names and deeds enrolled on the annals of infamy, or lost beneath the dark waters of oblivion. Unconsciously to themselves, they have been setting a power in motion that will overwhelm them.

In their opposition to the expressed will of a thousand of our most worthy citizens, and the undoubted wishes of the greater part of the remainder on a great question of reform; in their neglect to do the will of the people, in various minor though important matter; they have been teaching the people that if they wish their bidding done, they must take the matter in their own hands and see to it, that they elect men who will fulfil their duties as their servants; and not arrogate to themselves to be their masters. They have been teaching them that if they wish to enjoy liberty for themselves, just laws, and an impartial administration of them, they must first remove this insidious power, and then the throne will do their bidding. This is the lesson the people have been learning; may they con it well before they are again called upon to choose their representatives, that their choice may be made intelligently, that their wishes may be done, that our State may be made free.

During the past year, in consequence of the political excitement of a Presidential campaign, there has not been the same opening as usual for our labours in the moral field; nevertheless, something of effort has been made, not without effect it is hoped. There have been some public meetings held, and during the early part of the year, we had a lecturing agent in the field for a short period. We were not able to secure his services for a greater period, but limited as it was, it was sufficient to show that when not overwhelmed by a storm of political excitement, the people will gladly receive the truth, when properly placed before them. It is subject of regret that our limited means will not admit of our extending operations in this field of labour. Were it cultivated to the extent for which there is opening; there is no doubt that an abundant fruitage would be the yield. The publication of our paper, which was continued until recently, has now ceased. The fund created for its support having been expended, and no sufficient additions having been made to it to warrant its continuance, this course was found necessary. The subscription price being merely nominal, has only defrayed a very small part of the expense of its publication. Of the amount of its usefulness, it would be difficult to express an intelligent opinion. That it has been taken and read, by a considerable number of our citizens, is true, but that its circulation has been limited, and as a matter of course its usefulness, by the unnecessary excitement of the prejudices and fears of a large class of our citizens at the outset, is no less true, as the experience of every day of its publication has manifested.—That its circulation would have been much more extended, and its influence have been greater and more generally felt, had not this been the case, we have no doubt. We are not without hope, however, that its temporary publication has not been in vain. It has been made the medium of conveyance of a great deal of valuable information to the minds of its readers, many of whom, without its aid, would be destitute of the knowledge they now possess of the workings of the "peculiar institution."

The remainder of the Report is devoted to a consideration of the general aspect of the cause throughout the world.

Cuba.

The *Charleston Courier* publishes a long letter from one MR. THOMAS CAUTE REYNOLDS, of whom we must, to our shame, confess we never before had the honour to hear. It seems, however, that he has been Chargè, and Secretary of Legation at Madrid, till quite recently recalled, and, according to his own account, knows a great many State secrets, one or two of which he thinks proper to tell, and the rest of which he holds *in terrorem* over the head of his excellency Mr. Saunders the minister to the Spanish Court in particular, and the late administration of Mr. Polk in general. How much the recall of Mr. Thomas Caute Reynolds by the late Secretary of State may have prompted the publication of this tremendous letter, does not appear, but it is very evident that Mr. Thomas Caute Reynolds esteems it the most remarkable diplomatic document and himself the most remarkable diplomat produced in this century. There are perhaps some excellent people who quite agree with him, but we are constrained to confess that, as we never heard, as we just stated, of this distinguished individual before, so we believe our condition in this world, or the next, would not have been altered if we never had heard of him at all.

In sober earnest, Mr. Thomas Caute Reynolds, late Chargè d'Affaires and Secretary of Legation at Madrid, now resident in Virginia, has written and published a document of near four solid columns of minion letter, which may stand as the future type of Southern braggadocio, and as excelling in a remarkable manner the weakness which uniformly characterises the braggarts of every sort. So much for it personally, and it would deserve no other notice, and certainly would not receive that much from us, were it not that one general fact is buried in this heap of particular facts appertaining to Mr. Thomas Caute Reynolds, not clearly enough stated to be of interest to anybody else, were they in themselves of the least consequence to anybody but himself—one fact which it is worth while to take out of its small company and set up to be looked at and remembered on its own account.

The object of Mr. Reynolds' letter, so far as it had any other object than four unbroken columns of type, with Thomas Caute Reynolds at the end of them, was to confirm the assertion of the Madrid correspondent of the *New York Herald*, published some months since, and which we noticed at the time, that overtures had been made by the Government of the United States to the Spanish Government for the purchase of Cuba. We did not doubt the statement when made, and are not surprised to see it confirmed, notwithstanding the denial of the Spanish Government that there were any "negotiations" on foot to that end—"negotiations" not being a necessary consequence of overtures. The plan failed whether or not from the cause stated in this letter is of little consequence. "A formal conference," says Mr. Reynolds, "was solicited, to sound the dispositions of General Navarez. Our Envoys' English was diluted into French for the edification of that fiery soldier; in return, his energetic thoughts, torn out of their Castilian idiom, to be cramped up in a French dress, were again done into English for the convenience of Mr. Saunders. This linguistic entertainment soon grew irksome to the impatient Spaniard, and the conference was speedily but courteously terminated. Thus ended this celebrated negotiation. Whether it could have been made to result differently, had the usual weapons of diplomacy been employed, is a question into which I do not pretend to enter." It is enough to know for the present that the attempt has been made, and we may be as certain that it will not be abandoned. Cuba is the key to the Gulf of Mexico; Cuba is the only West India Island of much importance where Slavery still exists; a large amount of property in Cuba in men and lands is held by citizens of the United States; here are reasons enough why Cuba should be annexed to this Government. The last, indeed, is of little consequence, because the property so held is probably on the Legers of Northern men, and the Slave-power is not apt to trouble itself much as to the security of Northern capital; but it will help to reconcile the North to a scheme at which at first it would doubtless bluster loudly. But the slaveholder has his greedy eye on Cuba, because its acquisition would increase the political power of the South, would secure the existence of Slavery—so it is hoped—in that island, and thus save the South from an evil example in time of peace, and possibly a dangerous enemy in time of war.

Nobody, we presume, will consider the assertion that the most important feature of the policy of the South for the next few years is the annexation of Cuba, an absurd one. Aaron Burr was tried for high treason for proposing to invade, for purposes of conquest, the foreign territory on our southern border; not half a century had passed a way before the treason of Burr became the undisguised purpose of many persons. That territory was invaded by citizens of the United States, instigated, or, at least, approved of by its government—wrested from the parent State, and annexed to the United States. The private enterprise of the people was soon adopted as the policy of the government. Texas was annexed, and Mexico invaded, that new markets might be opened to the fleshmongers of the States—that the "first families of Virginia" might find a ready and profitable sale for that portion of their offspring which is born of the handmaidens and not of the wives—that the patriarchs could point the Hagar of to-day to another wilderness.

This gradual but certain growth of the bold and grasping policy of the South, this treacherous and contemptible cowardice of the North, have been too palpable to admit of a doubt that Cuba will be the next object of slaveholding necessity and avarice, or to permit a moment's surprise when that object is announced to the world. It is impossible yet to tell whether Gen. Taylor will prove a King Log or a King Stork, but whether any scheme for the annexation of Cuba shall be broached, or not, by his administration, we predict that the question will be an important element in the Presidential election of 1853.

It is hardly necessary to call the attention of our readers to the following statement which we find in the last number of the *Sailor's Magazine*. Mr. Powel is well known for his devotion to the improvement of that most neglected and abused of all classes, the coloured sailors, who, both from complexion and position, are exposed to a thousand dangers, temptations, and wrongs, which do not fall to the lot of those who are only black, or only sailors. Without having made a single inquiry as to the present exigencies of the "Home," we feel quite confident that nothing but dire necessity would prompt Mr. Powel to make this appeal, for we know that the enterprise has for years past been a perpetual struggle, and that in a pecuniary point of view it has been to him a source of considerable loss. And this result is owing not to any want of good management on his part, but simply to the intrinsic difficulties with which he has had to contend—the unfortunate relations of coloured sailors, and the prejudices which pursues them no less than others of their race in other positions. The appeal we hope may find a fitting response on the part of those who are able of their abundance to aid a good purpose and an excellent man:

COLOURED SAILOR'S HOME, NEW YORK.—The undersigned, keeper of the Coloured Sailor's Home in the city of New York, begs leave to submit to the Christian community the following statement:

In 1839, nearly ten years ago, the condition of the 2000 coloured seamen sailing out of this port was urged upon his attention. He found them subject to all the vices common among seamen, with very little motive for self-respect, and less encouragement of gaining the respect of others. *Can they be elevated and saved?* was a question most seriously pondered.

Two years before the American Seamen's Friend Society had made a successful movement in the establishment of a Home for other sailors; and the same friends asked why not also have a home for the coloured? At their instance and advice, accompanied by some pecuniary aid, the Coloured Sailor's Home was opened. Notwithstanding the narrowness of its accommodations, and much pecuniary embarrassment, it has continued to be a refuge for the tempted, a protection for the virtuous, and a house of mercy for the wrecked and destitute. The whole number of boarders has been about 4,275, or an annual average of 450. Of the whole number, 560 destitute sailors, true objects of charity, have received relief in board and clothing, or an average of $3 each, amounting to $1,680. In the mean time many have been refused admittance for the want of *means* to assist them.

Finding it necessary either to abandon the enterprise of keeping up a Home for coloured seamen, or to have a house commodious and comfortable for such a purpose, the undersigned has hired the three story brick building at 330 Pearl st. On the 1st of May he hopes to open it under auspices of greater good to his coloured brethren of the sea than ever enjoyed by them before. But in order to do it, he is compelled to make his first public appeal to the friends of the cause for aid. To procure beds and bedding and furniture, and to pay his additional rent, will sink the enterprise, unless friends voluntarily come to his relief. And this *relief* he *earnestly* asks; not on his own account, but on account of his *brethren*, who may, through the instrumentality of a well regulated home, be saved from wretchedness here and hereafter. Grateful acknowledgements are due for early and recent aid; and among the recent $20 worth of necessary articles from the Ladies' Bethel Society, Newburyport, Mass. The friends of the cause are respectfully referred to any of the officers of the American Seamen's Friend Society to ascertain the necessities of this case, and whether the much needed aid will be most wisely and usefully expended.

WILLIAM P. POWEL,
Keeper of Coloured Sailor's Home,
330 Pearl street, New York.

April 1, 1849.

Officers Hulse and Wolven.

The letter in another column from Mr. JAY, will, we hope, command the attention of some of our readers who will be disposed to take the matter it refers to in hand, and see that a proper remuneration is given to the excellent officers Hulse and Wolven, to whom the slave Belt owes his liberty, and the cause of freedom, indirectly, the important decision given by Judge Edmonds in his case.

We deem it proper to say, in justice to the American Anti-Slavery Society, that this case was one for the management of which its agents were not responsible, and that any aid which they rendered to it, was the voluntary assistance tendered to those who considered themselves, and were considered as its managers. We think we may safely say that it has never yet been necessary to make any appeals to finish any work of this sort begun by the American Society. Though the society has no fund for the relief and protection of fugitives, in every instance where money was required, if it could not be raised by subscription, it has been paid by individuals who, though sometimes ill able to afford it, have preferred to put themselves to some inconvenience, than that any reproach of meanness should attach to those who took upon themselves to defend in a Court of Justice the right of a man to his liberty.

This Belt case was in the hands of the New York Vigilance Committee and having, as we presume they have, funds in their hands, the failure to remunerate officers Hulse and Wolven seems to be the most unwise parsimony. Gerrit Smith is the President of that Committee and it is not at all in keeping with his generous nature to permit such an act as theirs to go unrewarded, and there are donors to the Committee who would be sorry to believe that their donations had gone to those who make an unwise, or fail to make a just use of them.

We are sorry to say it, but we believe it to be a fact, that in the present State of public feeling there are men among the Police now, and probably will be for some time to come, who will be ready to act in all slave cases on that side where there is the best pay. There are, we know, many honourable men among them, who will do their duty—as Hulse did in this case—when called upon without the hope of reward, and who will refuse, as police men we know of have, positively to have anything to do with the capture of a fugitive. But if not a majority, certainly a large minority of the police in this city are governed in such cases by the hope of pecuniary remuneration, and it is therefore of the greatest importance that those in whose hands such cases are likely to fall, or who assume the management of them should establish an unquestionable reputation as good pay.

We hope we may soon hear that the matter had been overlooked, and has been properly attended to, but in the meantime we will engage to transmit to the officers anything that may be sent us for their benefit.

Free Soil in the District of Columbia.

The Free Soil Party of the District of Columbia have issued an address under the title of the Democratic Free Soil Association, in which they appeal to the constituents of Congress, as they have failed to get from that body the redress of grievances which they seek. They rely, we hope not too implicity upon the people, the primary source of power, "to exact the legislation proper to promote the prosperity of the people at the seat of the national government." They declare:

The great evil which clings to this district, and encumbers its progress, is the weight of Slavery. This fatal malady makes the emigrant shun it—the active and enterprising born in it, fly away—and those, fixed by controlling circumstances, it makes supine, and incapable of the self-prompted, respected, inspiriting industry which animates the bosom of the independent free labourer. Hence it is that the broad bosom of the Potomac is almost without ships—the great canal, reaching far into the interior, almost without boats—its sluices, commanding the best water power in the world, without business—and the fine, healthy, easily enriched country surrounding, to a great extent without manufacturing establishments—its cities, penetrated by large commercial channels, without population and cultivation. The apprehension that the national government itself will be called to abandon a district falling so far behind in the career of prosperity, every free section of the Union, blessed with the freedom of all classes, contributes greatly to the calamity which Congress has the power to remedy, and should long since have removed.

This is setting the question forth clearly and strongly. After referring to the repeated efforts made by the people of the District for the abolition of Slavery, and assigning the cause of the failure of these efforts to the determination of the slaveholders to increase their political power by exciting jealousies on the subject of Slavery, they proceed:

By them the ban has ever been put upon every southern man who dares to vote an amelioration in the condition of the slaves, or the master of the slave, in any place over which Congress is clothed with jurisdiction.—The subject is interdicted even to the inquiry. A motion in Congress on the subject is the tocsin of agitation on the part of these peculiar guardians. Their cry is, that if Congress touches the topic where it has rights over it, the next step will be to interfere where it has no such rights. They have, by these alarms, affecting southern members at home, and threatening the patriotic with a dissolution of the Union, put down the right of petition—repelled petitions, by laying even a motion to receive them on the table. They stifled debate in this in direct way in Congress, so sucessfully, that the arrogance of the South Carolina legislature has grown so high high that it has at last sent an express *resolution to Congress telling it that "the time for debate has passed"*—a direct menace, forbidding it to do its duty, at the peril of encountering the power of South Carolina!

The impertinent and unconstitutional intermeddling of Mr. Calhoun and South Carolina in the affairs of the District is met with a firm and proper tone of rebuke, and the signers of the address decline being considered as a mere out-post of Slavery. We copy all of its latter portion, rejoicing to hear so decided an expression of Anti-Slavery opinion from the the head quarters of the National Slave-Market.

The pretext asserted for the perpetuation of Slavery in the district, (in the late caucus address,) is, that the district must be held as a necessary "*outpost*" of Slavery—that if Slavery be excluded from it and the territories, "every outpost and barrier would be carried, and nothing would be left but to finish the work of abolition, at plea sure, in the States themselves"—that "this district, and all places over which Congress has exclusive power of legislation, would be asylums for fugitive slaves, where, as soon as they placed their feet, they would become, according to the doctrines of the North, free, unless there should be some positive enactment to prevent it."

We hold this to be a mere *in terrorem* argument, to frighten the southern people into the attempt to enforce on others a wrong which they would not themselves endure. Delaware is embraced and over-shadowed by the free States of Pennsylvania and New Jersey; why is it not clamourous for lost slaves, and rife for a dissolution of the Union, by way of redress? Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri form a cordon of slave States around the free; how do these States exist, when an asylum is presented at every step along a line of two thousand miles, where fugitive slaves, "as soon as they place their feet" over the invisible border, would be free? Do Kentucky, Maryland, Western Virginia and Missouri, become frenzied with fear at this dangerous proximity, and propose a dissolution of the Union, to escape the apprehension? No! South Carolina, which scarcely ever loses a slave by a flight, is alone disgraced, and would have the little District of Columbia receded to Maryland, abandoned as the seat of government, and Slavery perpetuated in it, because, otherwise, "nothing would be left but to finish the work of abolition at pleasure, in the States themselves."

We trust that these panic-making strains have lost their power to excite the feelings of the people of the South, and the threat of a dissolution of the Union, its influence over the patriotism of the North. It may be that the oligarchy of South Carolina, which made the continuance of the horrid African slave trade the *sine qua non* in the establishment of the confederacy, will seek to dissolve it, rather than see its relic extirpated in the District of Columbia.—But what other southern State would join in this national parricide? Would the southern people, imbued with the liberal spirit of the age, and for the most part, out of South Carolina, enjoying popular institutions, be willing to rally around an oligarchy, which does not allow the mass of the people to vote for senators or representatives, governor or President, and make it the nucleus of a new confederacy? Would they do this at the hazard of civil war, and the subversion of all that has crowned this hemisphere with imperishable glory, as the light of freedom throughout the world, merely because Congress deemed it a duty to listen to the petitions of the people around the capitol of the Union, and deliver them from the slave institution and the slave trade?

Emancipation may be effectuated under wise and salutary provisions by Congress, and the slave trade abolished here, without impairing the rights or endangering the interests of any slave State in the Union. It will operate on Slavery in the adjoining States, only by showing from the rapid growth of a free population, and the new impulse given to industry and the arts, to agriculture, commerce and manufactures, how much more valuable in all its results, is the toil of freedom than that of Slavery? This problem, demonstrated on a spot insulated on all sides by slave labour, will be a salutary lesson to the southern States, and induce them to work out their own deliverance, from an evil which is fast wasting the rich and sunny regions—covering them with sterility and poverty—while the cold and stony North is become bright with verdure, rich in fruits, in mineral, agricuttural and manufacturing wealth; and, what is of still higher value, a dense, energetic, educated, intelligent and powerful population.

No son of the South can look upon its great and renwoned Commonwealths, which once stood first in everything which gives rank and superiority to States, and see them sinking into hopeless inferiority, without the deepest sorrow—without deploring the fatal policy which all the world condemns, and none can remedy but themselves. If it be persisted in, like doomed Africa, contrasted with Europe, that looks down upon it from the North, the slave States of the Union will, in the course of a century make a like counterpart in blackness and barrenness to the brightness and fertility of the free States. As children of the South, full of every filial feeling and instinct, nurtured by every tender association, from the beginning of life, by every fond recollection of previous history, to prefer its interest and glory beyond that of all the world, we fervently pray God to avert the destiny.

The members of the free soil association of the District of Columbia renew the pledges of the first declaration of principles to their brethren throughout the Union. Their faith is immoveably fixed on that true Magna Charta of human rights, in which Mr. Jefferson asserted the liberties of his country. They will give their best efforts to accomplish its great designs by all legitimate means. They will labour to extend the Ordinance of 1787, to preserve the freedom of the territories, and will promote the progress of emancipation, through the safe, judicious, and practicable modes suggested by Mr Jefferson. We give our adhesion to the party formed on this basis; and from that party we expect an unfaltering support, to accomplish the objects of the multiplied petit

to raise a sufficient sum, for the purposes of fully compensating the men, through whose efforts Belt is now in the enjoyment of liberty.

I am, Dear Sir,
Your faithful servant,
JOHN JAY.

NEW YORK, March 30, 1849.

The *Boston Republican* publishes the following Speech, which, from its appearing in the columns of that paper, we presume to be from the notes of its author:

SPEECH OF

Hon. John G. Palfrey

ON THE TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENTS.

On the 26th of February, 1849, the Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union, (Mr. VINTON in the Chair) having under consideration the Bill reported by the Committee on the Territories to establish a Territorial Government for Upper California, Mr. PALFREY spoke as follows:

Mr. CHAIRMAN—I attempted to obtain the floor at an earlier hour, on the conclusion of the remarks of the honourable gentleman from North Carolina, [Mr. VENABLE.] The Chair very properly assigned it to another. It is perhaps fortunate for me that I get a hearing later in the evening. I am not sorry that there has been a lull. The quiet and pacific tenor of the remarks which I propose to submit, would have been ill in accord with the rather tumultuous pitch to which the belligerent tone—the drums, trumpets, and thunder—of the gentleman from North Carolina, had excited the minds of the Committee.

Sir, we have at length reached a point, which, for three years past, has with good reason been looked forward to as a critical one in the fortunes of this nation. The immediate cause of that series of transactions, at the sad conclusion of which we now find ourselves, was the unconstitutional and disastrous annexation of Texas—a measure avowedly conceived and carried out, for the further confirmation of that despotic Slave Power, which has ruled this nation with a constantly growing oppressiveness for half a century. In the further development of events, war was declared against Mexico by an overwhelming majority of this House. Of the fourteen patriotic men who recorded their names against that enormous measure, thank God, all but one-half were from the old Bay State! It was from the beginning a war of invasion and conquest. Nobody dreamed that the ten millions of dollars and the fifty thousand volunteers were placed at the President's disposal for the rescue of General Taylor and his brave little army. Everybody knew that the reinforcement could not be put in motion in season for that object, and that if it could, the force was wholly disproportionate to the occasion. A levy of ten millions of money and fifty thousand troops meant no less than massacre and rapine on a grand scale, to end, as the prime movers in the plot intended and expected, in the extension of Slavery over vast conquered regions.

The bitter fruits of brilliant victory are now before us. Freedom is threatened with another heavy blow. The great question on the minds of men, in and out of this Capitol, since this Congress came together, has been the question whether the Free Soil thus secured shall be kept free, or handed over to the uses of Slavery.

A strong feeling on this subject has manifested itself in the free States, and in some parts of them a stubborn determination to prevent the meditated wrong. On the other part the most skilful tactics have been here put in operation, and the most novel and extraordinary doctrines advanced. Throughout the last session, I think the principal stress was laid on an argument, which,—owing, very likely, to my ignorance of previous Congressional proceedings,—struck me with surprise when I first heard it announced here; the argument, namely, that slaves are regarded by the Constitution of the United States as on the same footing with any other property; that that Constitution, operating on the Territories, would protect the proprietor in his possession of them as much as in the possession of his money or his cattle; and that accordingly there is no power in or under this Government to exclude Slavery from the Territories. If my memory serves me, this doctrine was first introduced here by two gentlemen from Alabama, [Mr. GAYLE and Mr. HILLIARD.] Why, sir, to me it was enough that in the Ordinance of '87, ratified under the Federal Constitution in '89, that question had been settled by our fathers, the framers of that Constitution, while as yet the domain of our ingenious young sister in the Southwest was partly a province of the King of Spain, and partly an Indian hunting ground. If precedents can ever establish anything, the true doctrine on this subject has been established, past any danger of disturbance, by a long series of precedents beginning sixty years ago, dating from the very birth of the Republic. The paradox, however, has been thought worthy of refutation. It has received its death-blow at much stronger hands than mine. After the able manner in which it has been treated, in particular by an eminent Senator, [Mr. DIX], by two of my distinguished colleagues [Mr. HUDSON and Mr. MANN], and at the close of the last session, by the eloquent gentleman from Georgia, [Mr. STEVENS] it would be assumption in me to pretend to renew that controversy.

Yet there is one point to which I do not remember that distinct reference has been made. The champions of the *Alabamian* theory,—if I may so name it to save words,—maintained that when the constitution gave authority to Congress "to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory of the United States," it designed to give to Congress power over territory as consisting of public lands,—power to take measures for its exploration, survey, sale, and occupation. Now, without assenting for a moment to the correctness of this postulate, I conceive that even this power would involve the power which we claim for the prohibition of Slavery. In even this capacity of Trustee of the public lands, Congress would not discharge its duty if it did not put and keep them in the best condition for the most profitable occupation, sale, and use. If there were no stronger reason, Congress would be bound for this reason to forbid Slavery to set its foot within them. Would Congress do its duty by them as mere guardian and trustee, if it should admit within them a class of colonists who had a "peculiar institution" of breeding rattlesnakes, or a "peculiar institution" by which they set fire every other year to their neighbours' standing corn? Before God, I believe that the territories would be less hurtfully dealt with by having their harvest fields burned over every second year than by having Slavery introduced within their borders.

The natural and obvious way of giving a government to California and New Mexico would have been to follow the precedents of the territories northwest of the Ohio, and the more recent precedent of the Oregon Bill. But to escape the force of the wholesome Anti-Slavery provision therein contained, we have seen all sorts of indirections successively devised with an ingenuity and pertinacity well worthy of a better cause; Last session the *Clayton Compromise*, so called, found favour enough with the other branch to mature it for receiving its quietus at our hands by being immediately laid on the table without debate; unexpectedly, perhaps, there was found public virtue enough here to strangle the newly hatched viper before it had time to draw a second breath in the Hall of the Representatives of freemen. The old *Missouri Compromise* has been talked of occasionally, as what the champions of Slavery may, by and by, be willing to accept, when they find they can do no better; but it has not yet been found to be regarded with sufficient favour on the other side, to authorise a distinct proposal of the plan. There was the project so much extolled on the one side, and so much berated on the other, in the late Presidential canvass, for allowing the inhabitants of the territories themselves to settle the question—in other words, allowing the first few thousands who might chance to emigrate, to establish an organic law for the hundreds of thousands who should follow, and determine a vast issue, vitally affecting the political condition and safety of the millions of us who should remain at our homes.

Then there are the schemes—all amounting to about the same thing as the last—of the Senator from Illinois [Mr. DOUGLAS] and the gentleman from Alabama [Mr. HILLIARD] for erecting the territories forthwith into States so that, uncontrolled by the general government, they may permit or exclude Slavery, according to their own discretion, or rather according to the will of the new citizens from the South, who would crowd into them with the view of determining their policy. The gentleman from Virginia, [Mr. PRESTON] improving on this project, and proposing to form but one State of the whole territory, finds no difficulty in the fact that his State will have an extent of between five and six hundred* thousand square miles, and that its population, so suitable, from its compactness, as well as from its acquaintance with the rights and duties of American citizens, to carry on a government, might, for every three square miles, have about one inhabitant. And now, if report says true—for I must take care not to be unparliamentary—an expectation is entertained in another part of this Capitol, of defeating the purpose of the free North by an appendage to the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill. It is said that the irregularity, always most objectionable, but of which, it is true, there are examples, of inserting other matter in a money bill (which ought to be confined to putting the Treasury in the possession of means to meet claims previously authorized by law) is now to be carried to an extent altogether unparalleled and outrageous. It is said that there is a plan of this kind on foot [Mr. Senator Walker's amendment to the Appropriation Bill] to surrender to Slavery, by surrendering to Texas, all the territory of New Mexico east of the Rio Grande; to establish a territorial government over the rest of the newly-acquired provinces, without any restriction like that of the ordinance of '87; to invest the President with almost unlimited power therein, legislative and judicial, as well as executive; and, by providing for the protection of the coastwise slave trade, to give Slavery a secure footing on the soil.

All these contrivances tend to one and the same object. It is, to introduce Slavery into the newly acquired territory, and so to fortify and perpetuate the Slavery element in the administration of the government of this country. Warned equally by past experience and by the anxiety which we now see manifested and the artifices practised to bring about this result, we, on the other hand, who stand for the rights of freedom, can be content with no evasions, no silence, no ambiguities, no postponements. We can be satisfied with nothing but positive legal prohibition of Slavery, after the manner of our ancestors in the better days of the republic. With anything short of that, we know full well that when it is too late we shall find ourselves circumvented and baffled as we have so often been before.

I cannot be expected so much as to glance at all the topics of argument which have been presented in this long discussion. I shall but ask the attention of the Committee to two or three of those which have been made most prominent.

We have been told, over and over again, that Slavery is a *local institution*, with which of the free States have nothing to do. Sir, have we nothing to do with the government under which we live? Is it no concern of ours who constitute that government? Is it none of our business what shall be the policy of its administration? These territories are in the course of time to become States, and in whatever State Slavery exists, however small the minority of slaveholders as compared with their non-slaveholding fellow citizens, from that State,—so insidious is the working of the system,—you may be all but sure that the Representatives sent to both branches of the National Congress will be slaveholders themselves, or if, in rare cases, not so, will at least be representatives of the interests of Slavery. There may be occasional exceptions. I trust that, in future, there will be not a few. But the rule is undoubtedly as I have stated it. Admit Slavery within these territories now, and they will by and by be slave States, represented by slaveholders in the Senate of the union, and helping to uphold in that branch that same course of *caste* legislation, which has long excited so much reasonable discontent, and which has done so much to arouse the feeling of the present day. Admit Slavery within them, and by an altogether unanticipated extension of the great compromise of the Constitution, you promote the free citizen of New Mexico and California to a degree of power not possessed by the citizen of the free States in the constitution of this body, and in the election of the Chief Executive Magistrate. For reasons deemed sufficient, it was agreed that there should be a representation here of three fifths of a population who have no political rights, and whose vote is given by their masters, so that if, under the present ratio of representation, there should be a district in this country with a population consisting of ten thousand free people and a hundred thousand slaves, the ten thousand freemen in that district would have as much weight in the councils of the nation as seventy thousand freemen in my district, or in any other of the free States of the North. And accordingly it has come to pass that the State of South Carolina with a free population not so great as that of the State of New Hampshire or Connecticut, and not three quarters as great as the city of New York, has seven representatives on this floor, while New Hampshire, Connecticut, and New York city have but four each. This was so nominated in the bond, and we submit to it without complaint, though not without a sense of the hardship. But now you propose to us to agree,—or rather you say it shall be, whether we agree or not,—that this singular, and, on all abstract grounds, indefensible arrangement, having no force nor reason of any kind beyond the limits within which it was originally applied, shall be extended to other communities, whose power, exerted in this way, is to be brought into the direction of our national affairs. No, sir, we can agree, and we can submit, to no such thing. Except so far as we have compromised away our rights, we must insist on still having them. We must insist that no section of this country shall have such a political precedency over another. We must insist that a freeman in Massachusetts shall weigh for as much in the political scale as a freeman at Santa Fe or San Francisco. We cannot consent so to settle our conquered provinces that a freeman in them, because he owns (as it is called) five slaves, shall in the administration of the government which is over us both, have four votes where we have but one. This was not the entertainment to which the constitution of our fathers invited us. What we have stipulated to do, in the surrender of our natural rights, we will do,—sorrowfully, it may be, but faithfully. Beyond that line, it is idle to expect us to go.

So much, and more of the same kind, have we of the free States to do with the introduction of Slavery into California and New Mexico, if we stay at home. But suppose we wish to visit those regions. If we keep them free, we can go thither with the full privilege of speaking and publishing our mind on all matters of interest whatsoever. If we have allowed Slavery to go thither first, we must go to a suspension of our much-valued freedom of speech, and freedom of the press, as far as the great question of the age is concerned. We shall not then be able to speak or print respecting Slavery there, except at extreme peril of life and limb. With part of us, it will fare worse yet. If we allow Slavery to get into these provinces, part of our number must give up the idea of going thither on any terms,—to be ever so silent, or ever so submissive. The men and women of South Carolina come to Massachusetts, and we welcome them to our simple hospitality. We treat them as well as we know how;—if it is not very well their magnanimity will pardon something to the scantiness of our means, and the homeliness of our breeding. Men and women of Massachusetts go to South Carolina;—they are taken from the ships before landing,—they are imprisoned,—they are scourged,—they are sold, they and theirs, into life long bondage. Admit Slavery into California, and California, as to this matter, will become for us another Carolina. When the acquisition of it from New Mexico was talked of as a desirable thing, we of New England were addressed with the argument of what a convenience a few ports in the North Pacific would be to our whaleships. They would be a convenience, or not, according to circumstances. I think I have understood my friend and colleague [Mr. GRINNELL] to say that there are not fewer than fifteen hundred coloured seamen in the whaleships from his district, and among them are some mates, and even masters of vessels. It is rather too much to expect of them, or of us, to consent to the establishment, of such a government in California, that they would have to meet at San Francisco the reception which now awaits them at Charleston. I think we shall hardly agree so to settle those territories that our State agents shall be driven from them as from Carolina, or that in them, as in Carolina, we shall be despoiled of our right of a hearing in the Federal Courts.

But suppose we want not only to visit but to emigrate; what then? Sir, gentlemen from the South talk of our excluding them from the territories, by excluding Slavery. The truth is, they would exclude us if they should be allowed to introduce it. They speak of our designing to dispossess them of their share in the common property; their plan would absolutely defraud us of ours.—Let Slavery get a footing on the land, and we could not go thither; that is, we could not go, remaining such persons as we are; we could not go, retaining our identity. In what capacity should we go? Should we go to join the class of slaveholders? Mr. Chairman, let large allowance be made for influences acting on the minds of men born or educated in the midst of Slavery, and by long familiarity blinded to its character. So much as that required by liberality—nay, by justice. But, as to the different case I am supposing, there are thousands in the free North who would say,—that a son of ours, born of a New England mother, nourished at a New England bosom, baptized in a New England church, bred at a New England school, that he should go from a New England home to be a buyer and seller of men and women;—there are thousands, yes, tens, hundreds of thousands, who would say, let us follow him to his grave first!

Shall we, then, and our sons and brothers, when Slavery has been established in California and New Mexico, go thither to be non-slaveholders? That would be to lose our identity just as much. That would be to abandon the character of the independent, well-informed, self-respecting yeoman as we see him in the North, for that of the very different specimen of humanity known as the *mean white man*, the *poor buckra*, in the southern States. The labouring man of New England is any man's equal. His occupation is esteemed honourable. His mind is instructed. His sober, methodical, industrious habits are such as sustain self-respect, and claim respect from others. While the estimation in which his employment is held and the compensation which remunerates it gives him enough for contentment, there is no public elevation to which he may not aspire for himself and his. The public offers to his children an education,—not as a boon, but as a birth-right,—such as enables them to start from the same level as the richest in the race for the high prizes of society. Will you ask such a man to cast in his lot with the poor, shiftless, lazy, uninstructed, cowed non-slaveholder of the South? a character, I am far from saying, universal with that class of men,—for there are happy natures which are able to rise above disadvantages of position,—but far too common for our people to take the chances of falling into it. Will you propose to our Northern labouring farmer or mechanic to emigrate to a region of which you have told the whole story when you have said, that because Slavery exists there labour cannot be honourable, and there can be no common schools? No, sir; let not gentlemen say that we are designing to banish them from these territories. It is we whom they propose to banish. We and ours have a right to find new homes there, if we will. But it is utterly to deprive us of that right to say that, in order to do so, we must convert ourselves from what we are into slaveholders, or else into that only other class of white men who can live by the slaveholder's side. We can do neither the one nor the other. If we and ours incline to emigrate, we must do it, being what we are. The right is ours, and we cannot consent to have it embarrassed with conditions which would make it wholly worthless, and the same as if it were not.

Again, gentlemen are fond of charging us with raising *a sectional question*. They say that we are pressing a controversy between North and South, and they undertake to rebuke us in the words of the Father of the Country in his Farewell Address. This charge of exciting sectional divisions makes the great staple of not a few speeches which I have heard in this House, and it colours the whole tissue of the two famous Addresses recently put forth from the secret nightly conclave in this Capitol. Sir, I deny utterly the correctness of this representation. So far as I am concerned, the abettors of Slavery shall have no advantage from a statement so entirely unfounded in point of fact. This is no question between the North and South. It is a question between a comparatively small number of slaveholders living in the South on the one side, and, on the other, the vast majority of American freemen who hold no slaves, living both at the South and the North. Who are these gentlemen that assume to put themselves in the place of the southern section of the United States, and to say, when they cannot have their way, that the South is assailed? Do they constitute the whole population of the South, that they pretend thus to identify themselves with it? Do they constitute the greatest part of it? How many are there? The whole number of the free white population south of Mason and Dixon's line, in 1840, was 4,809,187; the whole number of slaveholders among them cannot possibly exceed 300,000. With what face does such a mere fraction of a population undertake to speak for the whole, and to complain that a sectional question is moved when only the encroachments of one limited interest within that section are resisted? No, sir, the slaveholders of the South are not the South. Far from it. And not only are they not the South, but they represent an interest absolutely antagonistic and hostile to the interest and welfare of that large majority of the citizens of the Northern States. We of the North have great reason to complain of Slavery. It has done and does us great and grievous injustice. But it does not control our State governments, and to that extent make us its slaves. It does not, by its presence among us, make our honest industry disreputable. It does not strike the bread of knowledge from our lips. All this it does for the southern non-slaveholder. And yet, when we undertake to resist some new impudent pretension which it puts forth, we are to be complained of as raising a sectional question, and encroaching on the South, a vast majority of whose citizens are far more wronged by it than ourselves.

No, sir, I repeat it; this is no question between the North and South. It is a question simply between the friends of Slavery and the friends of Liberty, South as well as North. The southern non-slaveholders belong of right to our party,—the party of the free. That is their natural position, and they are on their way to find it. The same abominable power which annoys us and insults humanity, grinds them in the dust. They are about to understand this, unless promising signs deceive. And when they do, and have learned to speak for themselves, we shall see how long it will be that slaveholders will continue to call themselves *the South*.

And before leaving this topic, I will venture to appeal to the generosity and justice of gentlemen from the South to help us keep these territories free from Slavery, out of regard to the interests of their own constituents, little as they may care about the interests and wishes of ours. Gentlemen, many of your fellow-citizens love Slavery. They have plenty of room to enjoy it, within the limits of the States which you represent. Let them stay there and enjoy it, to their full content. Others do not love Slavery, but they love southern habits of life in other respects, and a southern climate. Here you have an opportunity to consult their welfare, at the same time that you allow us our rights. Here, if you will but permit it, your kindred and neighbours may build new homes beneath a southern sky, with everything Southern about them except only that feature of southern life which now disturbs and harms them. Keep such an asylum open, and numbers of your compatriots, increasing year by year, will thank you for your provident care. I presume you know,—for I do, with less opportunities than yours—of slaveholders, who long to escape from Slavery, to get out of the reach of sight and hearing of its woes, to rear their children beyond the influence of its blight,—but to whom the change of climate, and of the habits incident to climate, would involve so great a sacrifice as to forbid their transferring themselves to a Northern home. Do not insist on closing against such the gates of the welcome City of Refuge which awaits them in these fair territories. How large this class may be now, I do not know. But I have no doubt that it is to be a pretty rapidly increasing one, and accordingly as you deal justly or wrongfully by them in this matter, you will be in the way before long of hearing pretty loud commendations or complaints from quarters to which you will not be indifferent.

But, if this is the case with some of your slaveholding neighbours, the number of your non slaveholding constituents, for whom you are bound to make this provision, is far greater. The gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. CLINGMAN] told us last winter, that "a very large proportion of the emigration of the old Southern States goes into the free States of the Northwest," and he added, that he had observed this to be "eminently true of the North Carolina emigrants." This unquestionable tendency is illustrated by the facts relating to the locations of land warrants for services in the late war, as presented in the recent report of the War Department. It appears that of about 12,000 warrants taken out, only 1,750 were for locations in the slave States. Undoubtedly the proportion of southern troops entitled to those warrants was far greater than that of 1,750 to 12 000. Gentlemen, what do you understand this to mean? The way I understand it is this—that a large proportion of your own constituents, when they seek a new home, want to find one which the plague of Slavery will not infest. They want to go where the food of the intellect and of the soul is within reach; where they may claim for themselves and theirs the rights of their manhood unabridged; where an idle despotism is not the condition of honour, nor toil confounded with servitude, nor industrious usefulness a badge of disgrace. But to do this, they must now betake themselves to the hardships of unaccustomed modes of life, and to the rigour of a Northern sky. Gentleman, might it not be worth your while to have some consideration for their case? Might it not be well for you to permit them to occupy those congenial abodes on conditions such as they desire? What rights have you there, that these constituents of yours have not as much, and more? Is it not a very reasonable claim of theirs, that in these regions unexpectedly opened to their occupation you should permit them to enjoy at once the luxurious climate to which they have been used, and the free institutions which they deem essential to their welfare? Will you do well, to take it upon you to resist that claim?

Mr. Chairman, we have become quite used to being threatened that if we persist in asserting the rights of freedom in the government of this country, we shall be defeated and punished by an overthrow of the Constitution and a *dissolution of the Union*. I do not propose to enter largely into that subject. Gentlemen will not be surprised to hear me say that we listen to such forebodings with utter incredulity. At another period when the same rhetoric was rife, and when our institutions were far less consolidated than now, Mr. Jefferson very wisely said "I do not believe there is a government on earth established on so immoveable a basis. Let them in any State, even in Massachusetts itself, raise the standard of separation, and its citizens will rise in a mass, and do justice to themselves on their own incendiaries." As long ago as 1835, in an article re-produced in a late famous address, it was announced by the Charleston newspaper organ of Mr. Calhoun, who has the unfortunate eminence in the popular mind of being the source of these so often abortive movements, that "if the Legislatures of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and New York should adjourn without passing laws for the suppression of the abolition societies," that would be "the proper time for a Convention of the slaveholding States," to "embody and make known the sentiments of the whole South, and contain the distinct annunciation of our fixed and unalterable determination to obtain the redress of our grievances, be the consequences what they may." The article was entitled, as usual, "The Crisis;" but the crisis passed harmlessly away. The legislatures adjourned without enacting any such laws, but the threatened Convention never met; and fourteen years have since come and gone, with the Union as unbroken as ever. Those fourteen years have not only witnessed no disruption, nor even serious symptom of such a calamity, but they have wrought out a softened and more enlightened tone of public sentiment, South as well as North. Why, sir, what better proof do we need of this than the miserable failure of the late attempt made in this Capitol to marshal a force for treason, and overawe the deliberations of this Hall? It came to nothing under the coldness and the frowns of the patriotic southern men who had been counted on to sustain it. I read in the newspapers that the honourable gentleman from Kentucky near me [Mr. Morehead], when asked what he would do if the Wilmot Proviso should become a law for the new provinces, replied that his arm should wither from its socket, before he would lift it against the union of the States. I know nothing of the truth of that story, but I believe it, because it is in accordance with what I have observed of that gentleman's excellent head and heart. A published letter has just reached us from the centre of Louisiana, signed by a citizen of eminence in that State, [Mr. R. B. Brashear] himself a slaveholder, and as I understand, a delegate to the Convention at Philadelphia which nominated the President elect. In a course of most judicious and patriotic remarks on the great question of the day—remarks altogether appropriate, I will not say to a Northern, but to an American freeman,—the writer asks, "with what face can we propose to our Northern brethern the extension of this political evil and this moral wrong over new territory?" "As a Southerner," he says, "I disavow the choice which these self-selected representatives of Southern opinion have promulgated as ours as a patriot I reprobate their course, and prefer the enfranchisement of the soil of California to this avowal of a want of attachment to the Union being accepted by our brethren of the North as the reflex of Southern sentiment." And referring to the language, "'The South will accept' of this, or else the bayonet—'the South is willing' for that or else the bayonet," he adds, for the South I repudiate it utterly, totally, and look upon its authors as *mad*, if heated by heartless assaults, *as traitors* if cool and deliberate." Can such indications—I will not multiply them, though I might—be mistaken? No; the leaders in the politics of the slave States would not dissolve the Union if they could. Whatever might be the passions and the temity of some of them they would be overruled by the better judgment and temper of the rest. They could not do it if they would. I speak not of any coercion on our part. We should not have to raise a regiment, or equip a ship. We should only have to leave them to the care of their own fellow citizens. In common times, from the force of habit and other obvious causes, the great non slaveholding majority of freemen in the slave States are willing to be led by their richer and better educated neighbours, and even to act upon the prejudices, jealousies, and possions which these instil.—But let a question of the overthrow of our constitution of government seriously break out, and the charm would presently be broken. The agitation of that question would speedily enlighten the non slaveholder as to his position, his interests, and his rights. In a very short time he would be prepared to say,*—if you tell us that your slave property and the Federal Union, cannot subsist together, and that therefore the Union must be broken up, we can only say that, if we must admit your fact, we come to a different conclusion; if it be so, we will have no Slavery among us; the Union must be kept harmless, at all events. And a non-slaveholding majority at the polls of six to one would settle that question very decidedly and very peaceably. The issue would probably be somewhat delayed, but violent measures would have to wait for its discussion—the discussion which seditious movements would draw out—would help it on rapidly; and come before long it would.

Mr. Chairman, there has crept of late into this discussion a style of remark, which I cannot think will be found to afford any valuable illustration to an argument of such strictly practical and present importance. Gentlemen incline to invite us to the investigation of historical problems, and seem to imagine that if they can point out some fault in our ancestors, they do something towards refuting our reasonings, and barring our claim for our rights. The gentleman from Virginia, [Mr. BEDINGER] the same who was pleased to refer to me as "the Anacharsis Cloots of the present day," spoke of Massachusetts,—in the use of a somewhat violent hyperbole,—as the State where "witches, and Indians, and Quakers, and Catholics, and other such heretics, were, 'in the brave days of old,' burned literally by the cord;"—a violent hyperbole, I venture to call it, inasmuch as, to say nothing of burnings "literally by the cord," no heretic or other obnoxious person, of the descriptions specified, or of any other, was ever burned in Massachusetts. It is sadly true that two Quakers and several reputed witches were executed in that colony, and that other Quakers were very harshly treated for what was esteemed disturbance of the peace of the jurisdiction, and for returning after having been banished from it. The superstition of witchcraft was the dismal error of the times, and our ancestors, not being wiser than the wisest of their contemporaries, on either side of the water, had their full share in the delusion. Does the gentleman from Virginia suppose that, if he had lived in the seventeenth century, he would have seen deeper into things than Sir Edward Coke and Sir Matthew Hale? His modesty, I am sure, would forbid the thought. Yet those sages of the law held the same doctrine on the subject of witchcraft as the Massachusetts fathers, and expounded and administered it in the Court of the King's Bench. And let me tell the gentleman that in that awfully dark passage of our early history all is not darkness. In one view it appears lighted up with a lurid indeed, but with a majestic blaze. If this witchcraft madness has left a peculiar blot upon the history of Massachusetts, it is because of this great difference between her people and that of other communities whose annals bear no such stain; viz: that what both alike professed to believe, the former more consistently and honestly acted out. Deplore as we may the grievous infatuation, still more even than we lament and condemn that, we find cause to applaud the brave and constant spirit that would never quail before the awful delusion that possessed it. It was no less than the powers of darkness that these men believed to be in arms against them. And they did not shrink even from that contest; they feared neither man nor the devil; they feared nothing but God. They imagined the Prince of Hell, with his legions, to be among them, "the sacramental host of God's elect," seeking among them whom he might devour; and they gave place to him for subjection, no, not for an hour. Set upon by invisible and supernatural foes, they thought of nothing but stern defiance, deadly battle, and the victory which God would give his people. They would have made bare the arm of flesh against the Serpent in bodily presence, could he have put on an assailable shape. As it was, they let it fall without mercy on those whom they understood to be his emissaries.*

I deplore with the gentleman the severities practised on the Quakers, though he is mistaken in supposing that they were "burned by the cord," or that they were burned at all. I defend no bigotry in men or in any age. But undoubtedly some difference must be allowed to exist between the orderly, industrious Quaker philanthropist of the present day, and the madmen of two centuries ago with whom the Massachusetts colonists had to deal; and perhaps the duty of toleration, comprehensive though it be, stops somewhere short of allowing men and women, for conscience' sake, to run, as naked as they were born, through the streets and into the churches; or, at all events, does not require the permitting of people to gain a name like Abraham's by sacrificing their own sons, as one of the Quakers, in 1658, was proceeding to do, when his neighbours, alarmed by the boy's cries, broke into the house in time to rescue him. When the Quakers found out the Massachusetts people in their distant hiding-place from the storm,—the "outside of the world," as they called it,—they contented themselves with merely sending them back by the vessels which had brought them, thinking that both might live more satisfactorily, if they lived apart. The Quakers returned, and were sent away a second time. A third time they came. Severer penalties were resorted to. They were such as did not touch life, but they were too harsh to carry the public opinion along with them, and recourse was again had to a removal of the offensive visitants out of the jurisdiction. It failed, and at length by a majority of a single voice, the General Court passed that law denouncing the punishment of death against Quakers *returned from banishment*, which has had its chief life in history, for it was repealed almost as soon as enacted. The whole contest, from first to last, continued about four years, when a more humane policy, never since disturbed, possessed itself of the public councils.

And possibly there is another view of this subject of the religious intolerance of the Massachusetts fathers, to which the attention of the gentleman from Virginia may not have been carefully directed. Without doubt, he remembers the record of Lord Clarendon that the Royal Commissioners, sent out in 1664, found the Northern colonies already "hardened into republics." They had been a short time hardening. What hardened them so fast? Perhaps few things more than the jealous and rigid pertenacity with which they adhered to their theory of exclusion from political fellowship, of all who might have used such power to strangle their embryo Commonwealth. It will not do to look upon the Massachusetts fathers as a set of heady zealots, careful only to have their own way in religion without regard to consequences, and that way not a very wise one. There were cool and far-sighted statesmen at the helm. King or Protector to the contrary notwithstanding, they meant to have a republic; and they had it virtually from the first, exercising with the utmost freedom all attributes of sovereignty, though avoiding all ostentation with the utmost address. They were not so unfit for their delicate work, as to be willing to abortive movements, that "if the Legislatures of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and New York should adjourn without passing laws for the suppression of the abolition societies," that would be "the proper time for a Convention of the slaveholding States," to "embody and make known the sentiments of the whole South, and contain the distinct annunciation of our fixed and unalterable determination to obtain the redress of our grievances, be the consequences what they may." The article was entitled, as usual, "The Crisis;" but the crisis passed harmlessly away. The legislatures adjourned without enacting any such laws, but the threatened Convention never met; and fourteen years have since come and gone, with the Union as unbroken as ever. Those fourteen years have not only witnessed no disruption, nor even serious symptom of such a calamity, but they have wrought out a softened and more enlightened tone of public sentiment, South as well as North. Why, sir, what better proof do we need of this than the miserable failure of the late attempt made in this Capitol to marshal a force for treason, and overawe the deliberations of this Hall? It came to nothing under the coldness and the frowns of the patriotic southern men who had been counted on to sustain it. I read in the newspapers that the honourable gentleman from Kentucky near me [Mr. Morehead], when asked what he would do if the Wilmot Proviso should become a law for the new provinces, replied that his arm should wither from its socket, before he would lift it against the union of the States. I know nothing of the truth of that story, but I believe it, because it is in accordance with what I have observed of that gentleman's excellent head and heart. A published letter has just reached us from the centre of Louisiana, signed by a citizen of eminence in that State, [Mr. R. B. Brashear] himself a slaveholder, and as I understand, a delegate to the Convention at Philadelphia which nominated the President elect. In a course of most judicious and patriotic remarks on the great question of the day—remarks altogether appropriate, I will not say to a Northern, but to an American freeman,—the writer asks, "with what face can we propose to our Northern brethern the extension of this political evil and this moral wrong over new territory?" "As a Southerner," he says, "I disavow the choice which these self-selected representatives of Southern opinion have promulgated as ours as a patriot I reprobate their course, and prefer the enfranchisement of the soil of California to this avowal of a want of attachment to the Union being accepted by our brethren of the North as the reflex of Southern sentiment." And referring to the language, "'The South will accept' of this, or else the bayonet—'the South is willing' for that or else the bayonet," he adds, for the South I repudiate it utterly, totally, and look upon its authors as *mad*, if heated by heartless assaults, *as traitors* if cool and deliberate." Can such indications—I will not multiply them, though I might—be mistaken? No; the leaders in the politics of the slave States would not dissolve the Union if they could. Whatever might be the passions

Three days ago, Mr. Chairman, we heard another strain from the Ancient Dominion, unlike to that on which I have now been slightly commenting. I listened with the delight which such graceful eloquence has the power to give, and certainly not without my share of the emotion which was stirred in every hearer. I trust that it was not a mere transient pleasure, but that I was warmed with something of the patriotic spirit which the gentleman [Mr. MCDOWELL,] so powerfully exhorted us to cultivate. So far as that effect was produced, I shall be only the better qualified to sustain those views of public well-being and honour of which I have occasionally come forward here as the very humble advocate. Admiring the elevated and generous tone of many of that gentleman's remarks, there were yet some things I could have wished otherwise,—independent of his argument on the particular question now in hand which of course did not satisfy me. I cannot specify them as I would, the speech not having yet appeared in print, and the immediate excitement of the pleasure it afforded having been such as to prevent a careful weighing,—still more, a clear remembrance,—of its reasonings and language. One remark in particular fell on my ear as a discord in the general harmony of its praiseworthy tone of sentiment. I think the gentleman presented some antithesis such as this,—that the people to whom I belong managed to make a pecuniary capital out of Slavery in former times, and political capital now. Sir there are those who could teach the gentleman somewhat to qualify his views about uncompromising hostility to Slavery being a sure way to lay up "political capital." And as to the "pecuniary capital" supposed to have been made by Massachusetts from Slavery a hundred years ago, I will say no more than that, while at that period she was perhaps not much easier on this subject her neighbours, one thing she has always done;—she has always held her eyes wide open to the light; she has always greeted new truth, and promptly adopted and acted on it when made known. Can Virginia say as much? Will the gentleman affirm it of her? And will he sustain the assertion by a comparison of what she now is with what she was when she helped to win the Independence and establish the Constitution of these States?

The gentleman thinks that Virginia laid Massachusetts under an obligation of gratitude and affection by her sympathy and aid in the disastrous time of the Boston Port Bill. I think she did, and that the debt is mutual, at least. Does the gentleman suppose that the distresses incurred by Massachusetts at the period of which he speaks were solely for objects of her own, or that the exertions made by Virginia and others of her sister colonies—whether regarded as made in her behalf, or for the common cause, for which she was standing the foremost champion,—were anything more than mitigations of her woe? When James Otis argued in the old State House against the Writs of Assistance, and "then and there," according to John Adams, "the child independence was born," for whom was that birth,—for Massachusetts or for America? When from her Faneuil Hall and the meetings of her village democracies the gauntlet was thrown to the tremendous power of England, was Massachusetts alone in the prospect of advantage from that strife, or only most forward in its perils? When the vindictive "Port Bill," to which the gentleman referred took effect, was it some Virginian city, or was it Boston, the chief mart of the continent, that saw its prosperity made desolation, and the grass springing in its streets? And if Massachusetts did incur a debt for the sympathy and succour which, as the gentleman correctly states, she then received, I think she paid some instalments of it when she bore the first furious brunt of the battle on her own soil—when she sent nearly one soldier in every three to the armies of the Revolution, furnishing more troops than all the six slave States put together in the proportion of more than eight to seven,—and when the excess of her payments into the common Treasury for the prosecution of the war, over and above what she drew from it, was greater than that of the aggregate of her twelve sister States.

The gentleman should be better acquainted than myself, Mr. Chairman, with the history of the great State which he represents. And yet I cannot entirely acquiesce in the distinction he has drawn—not original with him, I am aware—between the settlers of Virginia and Massachusetts, as representatives respectively of the Cavaliers and Roundheads of the old country. I remember that Captain Smith, the man who saved the first company of Virginia planters from self-destruction, said of them, that "a great part were unruly sparks, packed off by their friends to escape worse destinies at home; many were poor gentlemen, broken tradesmen, rakes and libertines, footmen, and such others as were fitter to spoil and ruin a Commonwealth, than to help to raise or maintain one." Sir, I am far from imagining that this is a matter of the slightest account at the present time. The founders of Rome have no very good repute in history, and we do not think the less of the heroes and sages of the great times of the sublime Republic, because of the equivocal character of the original fountains of their generous blood. But if we are summoned perforce to the school of the historic Muse, it is meet that we give heed to her lessons. And on the other hand—a thing now of equally little moment—not a few of the Roundhead Massachusetts founders were of the noble and the gentle blood of England. There were scholars from her great universities; in twenty years from the first settlement, there were as many graduates of Oxford and Cambridge in Massachusetts as in old England, in proportion to the population. There were captains from the famous fields of Europe, courtiers from its capitals, delicate women from the luxury of its ancient feudal halls, "coming," as the contemporary chronicler said, "from a paradise of plenty and pleasure in the family of nobles, to a wilderness of wants." This is a matter now of just as little importance as the other; but when challenged about the past, even the ground of such conventionalities is not one which we of Massachusetts have the slightest reluctance to explore.

And, sir, when the gentleman, calling up affecting reminiscences of the past, appealed to us of Massachusetts to be faithful to the obligations of patriotism. I repeat, that I trust his language fell profitably as well as pleasantly on my ear. He has reminded us of our stern but constant ancestry. I hope we shall be true to their great mission for Freedom and Right, and all the more true for having listened to his own impressive exhortation. The gentleman remembers the declaration of Hume that "it was to the Puritans that the people of England owned its liberties." May their race never desert that work, as long as any of it is left to do! Sir, as I come of a morning to my duties here, I am apt to stop before the picture in your Rotunda of the departure from Delft Haven of that vessel, "freighted with the best hopes of the world," and refresh myself by looking in the faces of four ancestors of my own, depicted by the limner in the group on that dismal deck—the brave and prudent leader of the company, his head and knee bowed in prayer: his faithful partner, blending in her mild but care-worn countenance, the expression of the wife, the parent, the exile, and the saint;—the young maiden and the youth, going out to the wide sea and the wide world, but already trained to masculine endurance and "perfect peace" by the precious faith of Christ.—Not more steadfast than those forlorn wanderers, were the men, who, in the tapestried ch

Miscellany.

Confidences.

TO A———.

BY ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

[*Translated for the Standard from the (Paris) Presse.*]

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

The happiness so long deferred was soon interrupted.

My father and mother found themselves obliged to part—perhaps forever. The period of the emigration had arrived.

Emigration was not then, as it afterwards became, a refuge from persecution and from death. Expatriation had become a fashion with the French nobility. The example of the Princes was contagious. Some regiments lost in one night all their officers. For some time it was considered disgraceful to stand by King and Country. Only courageous spirits and strong minds, could resist the general madness, which assumed the name of honour.

My father had both, and he refused to emigrate, he only sent in his resignation when an oath was required of the officers of the army which, as a servant of the king, he could not conscientiously take.

The 10th of August drew near. Its approach was felt. It was known beforehand that the Château of the Tuilleries would be attacked—that the life of the king would be threatened—that the Constitution of '91, that momentary compact of reconciliation between Representative Royalty and the Sovereign People, would be overthrown or triumphant in torrents of blood.

The devoted friends of the falling monarchy, and those personally and religiously attached to the king resolved to unite and thus strengthen the constitutional guard of Louis XVI. and surround their king in the hour of danger.

Among these brave men was my father.

My mother did not attempt to detain him. She did not value life without honour, nor did she ever shrink from the discharge of a painful duty. It was the period which a short time preceded my birth.

My father departed, hopeless but without hesitation. He fought with the Constitutional and the Swiss guards to defend the Château. When Louis XVI. abandoned his dwelling the combat became a massacre. My father was wounded by a shot received in the garden of the Tuilleries.

He made his escape but was taken when crossing the river opposite the Invalides, conducted to Vaugirard, and confined some hours in a cellar. He was saved by the gardiner of one of his relations who was a municipal officer, and who, by a chance almost miraculous, saw and recognized him. He returned home and lived with my mother in the complete obscurity of a country life, until those days of revolutionary persecution arrived which left no asylum to those who clung to the ancient order of things, but the prison or the scaffold.

CHAPTER II.

The family of my grandfather afforded few pretexts for persecution. None of its members had emigrated. My grandfather himself was now more than 80 years old. His eldest, as well an his second son (the Abbé de Lamartine) were both educated in the doctrines of the eighteenth century, had been nourished in their infancy with the milk of that Philosophy which promised to the world a new order of things. They were of that part of the young nobility who received most readily, and propagated most earnestly the ideas of political change. They are much deceived respecting the French revolution, who imagine that it originated among the people. Great ideas come always from above. It was not with the people that the revolution commenced, but with the nobility, the clergy and the thinking part of the nation.

Superstitions have their birth sometimes among the people; but Philosophy originates only in the high places of society.

The French Revolution has a philosophy. My grandfather and uncles especially had the true revolutionary spirit. They were warm partizans of a Constitutional Government, a National representation, and the union of the different orders of the State in one community subject to the same laws and taxes. Mirabeau, La Meths, La Fayette, Monnier, Virieu, Larochefoucauld were the principal apostles of their political faith. Mme. de Monnier, (the Sophie of Mirabeau) had lived some time at my grandfather's house. La Fayette had been educated with the Abbé de Lamartine. They were together at Paris and were afterwards in correspondence. They were united by a real friendship, which survived a separation of forty years, and of which the illustrious La Fayette spoke to me during the last year of his life.

Such were the opinions of my family. There was nothing in them contrary to the revolution of '89; my father and my uncles did not separate themselves from the new movement until the moment when the revolution, escaping from democratic hands, and guided by demagogues, turned upon the very persons who had warmed it into existence, breathing only violence, spoliation and executions.

Then persecution entered their house, and did not leave it until after the death of Robespierre.

CHAPTER III.

One night, my grandfather (now 84 years old), with my grandmother, who was also aged and infirm, both my uncles and my three aunts, who had been before driven from their convents, were torn from their home, hurried into a car, escorted by gendarmes, and conducted, in the midst of vociferations and execrations to Autun. There a spacious prison had been prepared to receive all the suspected of the province. An exception, the cause of which he never knew, was made with regard to my father, and he was separated from the rest of the family and confined in the prison of Mâçon.

My mother who was then nursing me, was left alone in my grandfather's large hôtel under the inspection of some soldiers of the revolutionary army. Is it surprising that men whose lives date from those dark days should have communicated a shade of sadness, a tinge of melancholy to the French genius? Were not *Virgil*, *Cicero*, *Tibullus*, even *Horace*, who impressed this character upon the Roman genius, born like ourselves, during the great civil wars of Rome, and in the midst of the conscriptions, of Marius, Sylla, and Cæsar?

Think of the emotions of pity and of terror with which the hearts of Roman matrons must have throbbed above their unborn sons.

Think of the milk embittered with tears which I myself drew from my mother's bosom, while her whole family were in a captivity which death only might terminate, while the husband she adored stood upon the steps of the scaffold, and she herself was watched in the deserted mansion by ferocious soldiers, who observed her tears only to insult her grief, or make a crime of her tenderness!

CHAPTER IV.

Behind my grandfather's hôtel, which extended from one street to another, was a small, low, dark building which communicated with the large house by a gloomy passage and by small courts—damp and narrow as wells.

In this house were lodged the old domestics who had retired from service, but were still bound to the family by the small pension which they continued to receive, and by gratuitous service which they from time to time rendered to their old masters.—They were a sort of Roman freedmen which were found in most noble families.

When the great hôtel was sequestrated my mother retired with one or two women to this small house. A powerful attraction drew her thither. Just opposite its windows on the other side of the obscure lane, silent and narrow like a street of Genoa, there stood at that time and there still stands an ancient convent of the Ursulines. The high walls of the edifice are merely pierced by windows—its aspect, like its destinies, is austere and forbidding, having the portal of a neighbouring church upon one side, and behind deep courts and a garden enclosed by black walls whose height forbade all hope of escapé.

When the common prisons of the city were filled to overflowing, the revolutionary tribunal of Mâçon, resolved to convert this convent into a temporary prison, in which the remainder of the prisoners might be confined. Chance, or rather Providence, ordered that my father should be sent to the convent, and thus there was between him and happiness only a wall and the width of a narrow street.

It so happened that all the interior details of the convent of the Ursulines were as well knownto him as his own house. One of my grandfather's sisters, Mme. de Lusy, was Abbess of the Ursulines of Mâçon. Her brother's young children were always at play in the convent. They constituted the principal amusement of the poor sisters. There were no garden walks, cells, concealed staircases, garrets or cellars, which were not perfectly familiar to them, and of which their childish memory did not retain even the most insignificant details.

My father, therefore, when thrown suddenly into this prison did not find himself in terra incognita.—To complete his good fortune, his jailor—a republican, but by no means an incorruptible one, had been fifteen years before a curiassier in my father's company. His new rank had not changed his head.

Accustomed to respect and love his commanding officer he was much moved by meeting him under such circumstances, and when the gates of the Ursulines closed upon the captive, it was the republican that wept.

My father did not find himself alone; two hundred innocent persons belonging to the Department were confined upon suspicion in the same prison.

They were crowded together in the halls, refectories, and corridors of the convent.

The only favour that my father asked of the jailor was that he might be lodged alone in a corner of the garret where a Lucaine window opened upon the street, and gave him sometimes the consolation of seeing through the grates the roof of his own house.

This favour was granted; and by means of a few planks and a wretched bed he installed himself beneath the tiles. During the day he joined the companions of his captivity in their repasts and their sports, and talked over with them the news of the day—respecting which, however, they were frequently reduced to conjecture, as no written communication with the outer world was permitted. My father did not suffer long from this prohibition.

The same feeling which had led him to beg of his jailor a window which overlooked the street, and which retained him there for hours, watching the roof of that small house opposite, also induced my mother to go frequently to the garret and seat herself near the window, a little withdrawn from observation, so that she could see without being seen. Thence she could discern through her tears the roof of that prison which snatched her husband from her tenderness and hid him from her eyes. Thoughts and glances which seek each other, throughout the wide world, will surely meet at last. How can those fail to meet which are separated only by two walls and a narrow street? Their eyes at last encountered; they understood each other. Signs supplied the place of words which might have revealed their secret to the sentinels in the street.

They passed many hours every day seated opposite to each other their souls concentrated in their eyes. At last my mother, who was in possession of pen, ink, and paper, thought of writing in very large characters a few words containing information, which she wished to make known to the prisoner. He replied by signs. Thus they established relations, which were soon completed. My father, as a knight of the bow, had bows and arrows in his house. I have often played with them in my childhood. My mother made use of them to communicate more completely with him. She practised archery some hours every day in her own room, and when see had acquired sufficient skill to be sure of not missing her aim at the distance of some feet, she secured a thread to an arrow and shot it into the opposite window. My father concealed the arrow and drawing the thread, gained possession of a letter. By the same means he received under shelter of night pen, ink, and paper. He replied at his leisure. Before daylight my mother was in possession of long letters in which the captive poured out his grief and tenderness, in which he questioned, counselled, and consoled his wife and spoke of his child.

My poor mother brought me every day in her arms to the garret to show me to my father. She would nurse me in his presence and then making me stretch my little hands towards the grates of the prison, or pressing me to her bosom, she would cover me with kisses and caresses which seemed thus to reach and console the prisoner.

CHAPTER V.

Thus passed some months—months troubled by terror, and agitated by hope, but illuminated and consoled by the light which always shines for those who love, even in the night of adversity and sorrow.

Love at last inspired my father with a bold idea whose success rendered imprisonment itself delightful, and removed the fear of the scaffold.

I have already said that the street which separated the convent of the Ursulines from the house which my mother occupied, was very narrow. Not content with seeing my mother, with writing and speaking to her, my father resolved to cross the street and join her. She trembled, but he insisted. Such an interview, snatched from persecution, perhaps from death itself, were well worth a moment of danger! Who could tell, if the opportunity would ever be presented again? To morrow the prisoner might be transferred to Lyons, to Paris, to the scaffold! My mother yielded. By means of the arrow and the thread a file was conveyed to the captive. One of the iron bars of the little window of the prison was carefully filed through and then replaced. One evening when there was no moon, a stout cord attached to the thread slipped from my mother's roof to my father's hand. It was firmly fastened on one side to a beam in the attic of our own house, and my father secured it on the other to one of the bars of his grated window. He then suspended himself to it by his hands and feet, and sliding from knot to knot over the heads of the sentinels he crossed the street, and found himself in the arms of his wife, and by the cradle of his child.

Escaped thus from prison he might have remained free, but his condemnation as a rebel or an emigrant would have ruined his wife and destroyed his family. He would not think of it. He reserved this last chance of safety, this possible mode of escape, for the eve of the day which should summon him to the revolutionary tribunal or to death. He had the assurance of being warned in time by his jailor. It was the only service he had required at his hands.

The ex-editor in *Jerrold's News* gives, in a late number, some interesting particulars in relation to the Quarterly, Edinburgh, and some other Reviews in Great Britain, with some anecdotes of well-known persons, which we copy:

The *Quarterly Review* did not make its appearance, until 1809. The only writers were men of talent and great weight with the Tory party. Canning, Frere, Ellis, Southey, Croker, some of the High Church party, and even bishops, are said to have been among its contributors. It was sufficient for a work to be condemned in the *Edinburgh* to secure it laudation in the *Quarterly*. There were admirable articles in this *Review* upon subjects unconnected with politics. In its articles on classical literature it was far beyond the *Edinburgh*. Unfortunately too many were marked by statements wholly untrue, and by inexcusable political virulence; in religion it was intensely bigoted. I remember an attack upon Lady Morgan and her writings, so wholly beneath the self-respect of any educated pen, even amid the virulence of the *Quarterly*, that it attracted general attention. Lady M. it was reported, attributed the paper to Croker. I remember expressing an opposite opinion, for though Croker was an uncompromising foe, never knew a blush, and was not at all remarkable for sticking at trifles, yet, as he moved in society among gentlemen, he must, I thought, have felt that, even in laying on the lash, to descend beneath the level of conventional manners always injured a cause, especially in the case of a female. Some years after I found I had been right: Croker was innocent of the charge, the article was Gifford's, and from him it came in the character of the man who was low in manners and vulgar in feeling to the last. How I knew this, and the writers of some other papers in that work, is too long a story to tell here. The papers of Southey were many of them confirmatory of the remark that the apostate from principle always becomes the most unrelenting enemy of the side he has forsaken. In private life Southey was very amiable and exemplary, but as a public character he was a bigot, after being a renegade. His articles always exhibited a strong taint of Jesuitism. Upon the resignation of Gifford in 1824, the *Quarterly* was edited by Mr. Coleridge, junr. the son of the poet, but only for a short time. He was by no means equal to such a task. The *Quarterly* then fell, through Sir Walter Scott's agency, into the hands of Mr. Lockhart, a man of genius and a scholar, where it now remains.

When the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* started there were extant, of the same class of works, the *Monthly Review*, the *Critical*, and *British Critic*. I remember seeing also some numbers of an *English Review* in my boyhood. This last was said to be established mainly through the instrumentality of a Dr. Thompson, a friend of Dr. Parr, and author of a book called "The Man in the Moon." The *Monthly Review* was established in 1749, and up to the time of the appearance of the *Edinburgh* in 1802, had a reputation. It was first the property of a Mr. Griffiths, who for a considerable time was the editor, assisted by Dr. Rose, of Chiswick, and a Mr. Cleveland; indeed it was said that they had originally projected it in concert. Old Jenkinson, the first Lord Liverpool, whose writings, Peter Pindar said, showed not a spark of fire until they were put into the grate, Dr. Charles Burney, not the musical Burney, but the Grecian, and Dr. Rees, of *Encyclopædia* renown, were contributors. There was little attempt at essay writing, the work reviewed not being a peg to hang an elaborate dissertation upon, according to the modern system. There was little either that was discursive, while the opinions expressed were not always founded upon a far-seeing judgment. The *British Critic* was instituted principally through Archdeacon Nares, prebendary of Lincoln, not the Dr. Nares who wrote "Thinks I to Myself." I knew him well, both for a sound scholar and an excellent man. It was in his *Review* that Dr. Parr criticised the splendid edition of "Horace," which he had himself projected in concert with Dr. Combe and Mr. Homer but out of which the doctor backedout before the joint editorship commenced, perhaps thinking his coadjutors hardly equal to the task. When the book came out the numerous blunders in the Greek quotations caught Parr's sharp eye. He sent a notice of the work to Dr. Nares for the *Review*. This enraged Dr. Combe, who understood midwifery better than Greek. He rejoined in a letter to which Parr gave an answer in a pamphlet.—Of the parties who started the *Critical Review* I do not recollect the names, if I ever heard them. All this class of reviews, eclipsed by their rivals of London and Edinburgh, have passed away. The superiority of these, always excepting their sacrifice of honest opinion to political antipathy and personal pique, when they chanced to clash together, did prodigious good in a literary sense, as well as in the diffusion of information. There was masterly writing in both, and the principles they supported were respectively upheld by the best possible arguments. In one respect the situation of the *Quarterly* was a painful one, owing to the exhibition by time of its falseness of position. Every advancing year saw some favourite dogma contravened, some past oracular announcement prove as false as if it had issued from the lips of a priest of Baäl, in place of those of the sleekest and most rabid orthodoxy. The *Edinburgh*, on the contrary, saw its views continually carried out. The corn laws, for example, were part and parcel of the British constitution with the one, they were impugned by the other. Even distinguished writers of the *Quarterly*, finding policy no longer tenable against truth and justice, altered their opinions to the adverse side. We may date from these reviews a new species of authorship rather than pure criticism, always excepting certain masterly articles directed solely to critical objects, on works that admitted no excuse for showing the cloven foot. Reviews are now multiplied; we have, or had, recently two or three monthly, and nine quarterly, counting in the fathers of the family.

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Some of my first delights in reading poetry were received from the sonnets of Charlotte Smith. Like Jane Porter, she was compelled to write from her pecuniary circumstances as much as her inclination. Her husband had been unfortunate in life, and she contributed a considerable aid to their subsistence by this means. I have the small fourth quarto edition of these sonnets, bearing date in 1786, the publication of which she survived twenty years. It is printed for John Dodsley. It came to me from Jamaica on the death of an uncle there of yelow fever, being given to me by his executor. It is very dissimilar in appearance from editions of poetry in the present time. The adverse fortunes of Charlotte Smith chequered her career, and gave that melancholy egotism to her works which is one cause perhaps of their being so interesting. Of the novels of this lady, and she produced many, I remember "Marchmount," and the "Banished Man," I think, the "Old Manor House," was also hers. The "Banished Man" was, as I recollect, an imaginary French emigrant. It was a tale of adventure, and did not display any very deep insight into the workings of the human heart. Goëthe's "Werter"—that piece of authorship which he might well wish to have blotted before his death—caught many youthful fancies at the time of its appearance, and for years subsequently, and several of Charlotte Smith's sonnets were supposed to be written by that ridiculous offspring of false taste. I remember reading it with pleasure the first time, and losing the immorality of the story in sympathy for the ideal sufferer. Neither the lapse in morals nor the want of fidelity to nature struck me; the truth being, perhaps, that in youth we forget the morality of a work when its appeals are to our sensibility. Mrs. Smith died, I believe, in 1806, little beyond the middle age. The sonnets of the Rev. Lisle Bowles were among my youthful reading. I think the sonnet has been much under-valued in England as a vehicle for a single sentiment. We have some as good in their way as even the Italians can boast, but we want the taste to appreciate them, for of that commodity in literature as well as art we have but little. One is led to rank Bowles' poetic writings among the productions of an amiable, virtuous, reflective mind, tender, but never passionate, and touched with the cold correctness of the scholar rather than with the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." I saw him I think but twice among other company where he was not likely to stand out.

I have spoken of being subpœned before Sir Vicary Gibbs. He was the patron of Lord Gifford, an Exeter man, and son of a grocer, who contrived to get most of the briefs on the circuit near his native home. His elevation did Gibbs no more credit than his own career. Gifford was never meant for more than a common-place barrister—no one who knew him but was of that opinion. Mind beyond his "trade" he had none. From his name coming uppermost, I just recal a case in court where he was present with Jekyl. The client of the latter was remarkable for wearing an enormous neckcloth.—Jekyl began: "Gentlemen of the jury, the plaintiff in this case is Mr. F— W—, of T. a gentleman generally remarkable throughout this country for, wearing a pillow round his neck, and sometimes a bolster." The party was a friend of mine, to whose failing in the way of neckcloth I can bear witness. Both rest now in the narrow house. Jekyl's fame for wit is yet remembered by the bar, especially in these days of dull barristers and matter-of-fact judges.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—"Of his [the Earl of Dudley] extraordinary absence of mind, and his unfortunate habit of 'thinking aloud,' many amusing anecdotes have been in circulation. It is a fact that, when he was in the Foreign Office, he directed a letter intended for the French to the Russian Ambassador, shortly before the affair of Navarino; and, strange as it may appear, it attained him the highest honour. Prince Lieven, who never made any mistakes of the kind, set it down as one of the cleverest ruses ever attempted to be played off, and gave himself immense credit for not falling into the trap laid for him by the sinister ingenuity of the English Secretary. He returned the letter with a most polite note, in which he vowed, of course, that he had not read a line of it, after he had ascertained that it was intended for Prince Polignac, but could not help telling Lord Dudley, at an evening party, that he was 'trop fin,' but diplomatists of his [Prince Lieven's] standing were not so easily caught.

"Lord Dudley was afflicted with what may not be improperly termed the disease of thinking aloud—that is, of unconsciously giving utterance to involuntary thoughts, which other men confide to the secret depository of their own breasts. An amusing anecdote of this singular failing of the mind is related of his lordship.

"Lord Dudley had been invited to the house of a friend upon the occasion of some great fête, but being a man of early habits, had ordered his carriage at a certain hour, having some miles to travel before he could obtain his accustomed repose. To his great mortification, after repeated inquiries for Lord Dudley's carriage, it had not arrived, and his lordship, as well as others, imagined that some accident must have happened to it. One of the guests, seeing how much his lordship was disconcerted by the event, very politely offered him a seat in his. The gentleman in question had to pass his lordship's house on his return home, and though he was almost a stranger to Lord Dudley, his rank and position in the country were, of course, well known to him, and the civility was no more than one gentleman would, under similar circumstances, have offered to another. Nevertheless, they had not been seated in the carriage more than twenty minutes when the peer, who, being tired, had, up to that moment, maintained a most perfect silence, observed, in a low but distinctly audible tone of voice—"I am very sorry I accepted his offer. I don't know the man. It was civil, certainly; but the worst is, I suppose, I must ask him to dinner. It's a deuce of a bore!' He then relapsed into his former state of taciturnity, when, after a few minutes, the gentlemen, pretending to be afflicted with the same failing, and imitating his lordship's tone, observed—'Perhaps he'll think I did it to make his acquaintance. Why, I would have done the same to any farmer on his estate. I hope he won't think it necessary to ask me to dinner. I'll be damned if I'd accept his invitation!' Lord Dudley listened to him with earnest interest, immediately comprehended the joke which he had himself provoked, offered his hand with much happy good-will to his companion, making every proper apology for his involuntary rudeness—and from that night the travellers became inseparable friends."

CHARLOTTE CORDAY AND THE ASSASSINATION OF MARAT.

[*From "France and its Revolutions"*]

There lived at Caën, in the department of Calvados, a young woman, named Marie Anne Charlotte Corday. She was five-and-twenty years of age.—Her father, a decayed gentleman, was still living, but she had left him to reside with an aunt at Caën. This young woman was a grand daughter of the great dramatist, Pierre Corneille, and the spirit of the grandsire lived in his descendant. Her form was tall and graceful, her features regular and beautiful; but there was mingled with a woman's softness of expression, something of the resolve which marks a manly face. Her complexion was illuminated by the freshness of youth, beauty and health; her dress was suited to her moderate means; her habits were temperate and simple. Though brought up in a convent, she was no stranger to the philosophical ideas which were then spreading over France; for even the bars of the convents could not keep out the books which were in vogue. Her early religious impressions were replaced by the philosophy of Jean Jaques Rousseau; and her exalted imagination was raised to the heroic pitch by the ever-living portraits of Plutarch. She embraced the revolution with ardour; she dreamed, as the wife of Roland had dreamed, of a republic, in which simplicity and virtue should reign. But the excesses of the Jacobins had dispelled the pleasing illusion, and the men of the Gironde, who once seemed destined to realize her happy visions, were imprisoned or fugitives. Petion Louvet, Barbaroux, and other deputies, had come to Caën to stir up the departments of the North and to combine the elements of resistance to the convention.

The reign of terror had already commenced in Paris; the guillotine was receiving its tribute of victims, and the horrid engine was expected to make the tour of France. One name above all others was associated with the guillotine, the name of him who had for years called for heads, and measured his demands only by thousands. The unquiet mind of Charlotte required action; and she meditated a deed of vengeance against the greatest culprit in France. She resolved to go to Paris. She had two interviews with Barbaroux, and she asked and obtained from him a letter of introduction to a member of the convention who could introduce her to the minister of the interior. She pretended that she had a petition to present to the government in favour of Mademoiselle Forbin, who had been the friend of her youth. Barbaroux gave her a letter to Duperret, one of the 73 deputies of the party of the Gironde. She went to see her father, and told him that she was going to England. On the 9th of July, early in the morning, she made up a little packet, which she put under her arm, quitted her aunt's house, and journeyed to Paris in a conveyance, which, as she said, contained some "good Montaguards." She reached Paris on the 11th of July, and went to the Hôtel de Providence, in the Reu des Vieux Augustins, where she slept soundly from five in the afternoon till next morning. She called on Duperret the next day, but could not see him till the evening.—She asked him to introduce her to Marat, the minister of the interior; but this was only a pretext.—In her letter to Baradoux she said she was sorry she had called on Duperret, for this very evening, by a decree of the convention, the seals were placed on all the movables of Duperret, as one of the suspected, and her visit put him in danger. Duperret came the next day, and went with her to Marat, but the minister could not see them, and Duperret took leave of her at the door of her hotel. She had learned that Marat did not now go to the convention, for her first design was to kill him there; he was suffering from illness, but still scribbling at home with his wonted unwearied diligence. After leaving Duperret, Charlotte found her way to the Palais Royal, not to admire or to be amused. She looked for a cutler's shop, where she bought a strong knife, with an ebony handle, and concealed it under her neckerchief. She returned to her lodgings, and wrote a letter to Marat, in which she told him that she was from Caën, and could give him important information, and she would be with him at one. She went, but could not see him; upon which she left a second letter, well calculated to sharpen the jealous curiosity of the friend of the people; it was dated the same day: "I wrote to you this morning, Marat; have you received my letter? I cannot believe it, because they refused me your door. I hope you will grant me an interview to-morrow. I repeat it, I am just from Caen; I have to reveal to you secrets of the utmost importance for the safety of the republic.—Besides, I am persecuted for the cause of liberty; I am unfortunate, and that is enough to give me a right to your protection. Charlotte Corday." Charlotte said in her letter to Barbaroux, "I confess that I employed a perfidious artifice to induce him to receive me; all means are good in such circumstances." She left her hôtel at seven in the evening, and knocked at Marat's door. The woman who kept the door would hardly let her in, and tried to prevent her from going up stairs. The noise brought Marat's mistress out, who refused to admit her into the apartments. A loud altercation ensued, and Marat, who judged, from what was passing, that the visitor was the writer of the two letters, called out to let her in. Marat, wasted with disease, horrid and disgusting to look at, was in his bath, covered with a dirty piece of linen, all but the upper part of his chest and right arm. He was writing on a rough plank, which rested on the bath, a letter of denunciation to the convention. Marat asked about Normandy, and he took down the names of the deputies there, and of the administrators of Calvados, who were at Evreux. He told Charlotte, by way of consolation, that they should all be guillotined.—These words decided his fate. She drew the knife from her bosom, and with a strong arm plunged it to the hilt in his body. He cried out once, and no more. The water was dyed red; Marat was bathed in his own blood.

T. B. MACAULAY AND THOMAS CARLYLE.—Macaulay's sense of beauty is keen, but not deep; his enthusiasm has no central fire; his convictions want depth, and, as a consequence, his eloquence, with all its apparent earnestness, wants force. The surface of his mind is large and active; but its regions below remain untroubled. The consequence is, that he has no influence on his age. He flatters the indolence of his readers; he does not stimulate their minds. He delights; he does not inspire. In reading him, we do not feel that his soul is speaking from its depths to the depths of ours. Compare him with Carlyle. Two more opposite men cannot be named in the same breath. Macaulay, clear, definite, elegant, methodical; crowding his pages with antitheses and illustrations; more solicitous about the fall of a period than about the accuracy of his assertion; grouping details into a picture; fond of paradox, yet never probing beneath the surface; expert in polemics, yet seldom fighting for great truths; captivating by the grace, and dazzling by the gorgeousness, of his diction, and leaving upon the reader's mind no more durable impression than that which a splendid spectacle leaves upon the mind of a theatrical audience. Carlyle,—rugged, mystical, abrupt, immethodical, unmusical, vehement, scornful, sarcastic, sardonic, and humorous; rich also in pictures; inordinately fond of paradox, but profoundly serious; striving at all times to see into the depths of things; disdainful of ordinary rules of composition, disdainful of all elegancies, graces, and shams of life and of literature; forever appealing to the soul of man, and bidding him remember that he is in the presence of the Infinite; sternly recalling those awful facts of life which frivolity endeavours to gloss over; fiercely preaching the imperative nature of duty and of earnestness; speaking in prophet tones to a heedless generation; mingling the quaintest imagery and wildest buffoonery with the saddest pathos and the dreariest gloom; a sceptic, yet a prophet; amidst alternate laughter and alternate tears, alternate exhortation and alternate contempt; he does not dazzle, he provokes; he does not captivate, he inspires; and the impression he leaves upon the mind is various and abiding, as that left by a tragedy of Shakspeare. As specimens of literature, in the limited sense of the word, Macaulay's writings are immeasurably superior; but if literature be something more than the amusement of cultivated intellects, something more than an intellectual luxury, for the dissipation of leisure hours, Carlyle's superiority is unmistakable. Macaulay has delighted thousands. This is no slight thing, and we should be the last to undervalue it. But he has materially bettered no one. He has deepened no man's convictions, he has given fresh strength to no human soul. His influence on his generation has been null. Carlyle, though scorned by many for his offences against literary taste, and though dreaded by others for his reckless treatment of great questions, has, nevertheless, produced a visible influence on the minds of his contemporaries; he has given a direction to their thoughts, and has suggested so much thought that he is rightfully regarded as a teacher. This fact there is no gainsaying. Think what we may of the influence, be it evil or be it good, it is there. We could name more than one distinguished ornament of the church, whose rise has been rendered impossible because of the Carlyle "taint." We,—that is, the present writer—feel called upon here distinctly to declare, that with scarcely any living author have we less agreement than with Carlyle; yet we are, nevertheless, sensible of a great benefit derived from his writings. There is an indirect teaching not less valuable than the direct teaching. No serious thinker writes in vain. Carlyle has his affectations, his shams; but he has his realities. Had he not lived, some of the most active minds of our generation would have been different; they would assuredly have been as active, it may be, wiser, but certainly different. Now, it is impossible, we think, to say that any human being would have been otherwise had Macauley never written. Some few might have written less picturesquely and less elegantly, but no human soul would have been poorer.—*The British Quarterly for February.*

Alexander Dumas and Victor Hugo designed lately to serve as witnesses at the marriage of an artizan's daughter of Monte-Christo, which marriage took place in a little village near St. Germain. The company presented themselves before the Mayor.—He was a little cunning looking man, his head covered by a cotton cap, and on his nose was a pair of spectacles. The company ranged themselves before him. "Who are the witnesses for the bride?" said he, in a nasal tone: and our two illustrious authors stepped forward.

"Your name?" said he to one of them.

"Alexander Dumas?"

"How is Dumas written?" said he.

Dumas looked at him closely to see if he were joking, but as he perceived that the municipal officer was quite honest about it, he dictated his name letter by letter.

"Your profession?" asked the little man.

"Man of letters," replied Dumas.

The Mayor continued to write, without even deigning to turn his eyes upon the one who was speaking to him. It then came to Hugo's turn, who was asked the same questions, and returned the same answers, sharing heartily the ill-humour of his brother in talent and misfortune, at seeing himself unknown so near Paris—he, who thought himself renowned the world over.

After them, the Mayor-called for the witnesses of the husband that was to be.

A large, fat, and jolly-looking man, with a lusty country air, advanced, laughing.

"Your name, sir," asked the Mayor.

"Jean Griffin."

"Your profession?"

"Grocer at St. Germain."

At this honourable title the Mayor took off his spectacles, rose, and passing him a chair—"I beg you will be seated, sir," said he, respectfully offering it to the monger of cinnamon and candles.—This conclusion enlivened our two great men, who laughing, asked each other what their fame was good for.—*Louisville Chronicle.*

A PETITION.—The following is a copy of a petition recently presented to the Legislature of Indiana:

"Yore petishuner, Susanna Bakum, wud spektfully enjine yore honerible, bodie, not tu pas enny law tu let her husbind of from hur as her husbind, bekes he iz a drunkird and abuzes hur a most too deth. She iz got sivril smol children, and thare purty ni nakud, and in a starvin condishin, and shez gittin to old and hez lost awl hur tethe, and kant git nary nuther. Shez makin her daze livins by hard nocks. Shez a pore ooman, and hez to wash hard, and her husbind iz drunk awl the time. He beetz hur and hant got no rite to leeve hur pore and destitoot. Eff yore honrible bodde hez enny feellinz dont yer do it. Kunsiddur a pore oomanz effeckshun fur hur husbind; due, now, yur honribul bodde and geems.

"And your petishunar prey fur awl yur honribul bodde and geems. SUSANNA BAKUM."

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Wilhelm Beer, a Jew, brother of Meyerbeer, the composer, has been elected a member of the First Chamber of Prussia.

The [*London*] *Morning Herald* says that within the last ten years the number of readers in the British Museum has greatly increased, and now averages 70,000 within the year.

Another satire upon the Republic, has appeared in Paris—"The Frogs demand a King." One character says to another: "How do you know that France is so ill?"—"Why, because she persists in keeping her Chamber."

"Oliver Cromwell and his troopers," says the *Liverpool Albion*, "stabled their horses in our cathedrals.—Our Whig and Tory 'governing families "do worse.—They stall their asses in them."

NAPOLEON'S SON.—A Paris paper states that the President of the Republic intends to apply for the remains of the Duke de Reichstadt, for the purpose of having them by the side of those of his father, the Emperor Napoleon, at the Invalides.

The *Liverpool Albion*, says there is, at present, to be seen on the Earl of Derby's estate, at Knowsley, a considerable quantity of gold dust imbedded in soil which had been brought from California along with some rare trees and plants.

PRESENT TO DR. BOWRING.—Dr. Bowring, British consul at Canton, having arrived at Malta in the Indus, a deputation waited on him at the hotel, and presented him with a pair of silver branched candlesticks, as a reward for the great assistance the cause of the Maltese had received from his exertions in the House of Commons.—*Jerrold's News.*

A PREMIUM.—Mr. Moreton, an American printer, died lately in Paris. He has bequeathed £40,000 to be given as a premium to anybody who shall succeed in constructing a machine capable of striking off 10,000 copies of a newspaper within an hour.—*Morning Post.*

UNEXPLORED REGIONS OF AFRICA.—Mr. John Duncan the African traveller, whose journey through and beyond the territory of the King of Dahomey has already been made public, is, it is understood, about to leave England shortly on another expedition, with the view of prosecuting further discoveries in the unexplored regions of that country.—*Times.*

WHAT DAVID MIGHT HAVE DONE IN SCOTLAND.—A Scotch minister, very homely in his address, chose for his text a passage in the Psalms:—"I said in my haste all men are liars." "Aye," premised his reverence, by way of introduction, "ye said it in your haste, Dawvid, did ye? Gin ye had been here, ye might had said it at your leisure, mon."—*Gateshead Observer.*

EXCOMMUNICATION ON THE RIVER WEAR.—"An eccentric Dissenting divine" says the *Gateshead Observer* "has lately preached three discourses against the almost threadbare song of Charles Mackay, "There's a good time coming," and excommunicated six members of his church for listening to the song, when sung by a lady at an evening party!" adds *Jerrold's News*: "a personal feeling was at work here. The gentleman felt that he, individually, would be a nobody in the good time, and so hated any mention of its coming."

It is said that, in clearing away, the whitening from the corbel-heads of an old window in Yarmouth Church two portraits were discovered, one of Edward I. and the other of Bishop Middleton, who consecrated the church in 1286.

SUBSTITUTE FOR MILK.—In some of the poor-law unions of the South, the following receipt has been adopted, by which a considerable saving is effected in the article of milk. So much as ten guineas a week are saved to the ratepayers in one of the unions, from which our correspondent writes:—"Steep one pound of rice in soft water, and next day boil it slowly for two or three hours, so as to reduce the liquid to one gallon, which, added to one gallon of milk, makes two gallons of excellent and nutritive milk, peculiarly wholesome, where dysentery is prevalent."—*Downpatrick Recorder.*

A PECULIAR PERSUASION.—The *Boston Atlas* says that—

"A Joint Stock Company is in process of formation in New York, composed of members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and others agreeing with them in sentiment, whose destination is California."

It is of no use to ask where the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church expect to go to; for they have settled it that their destination is—California. The sentiment in which they and their friends coincide, must be a somewhat peculiar kind of religious feeling. We only hope that it is not a veneration for—the Golden Calf.—*Punch.*

LAMARTINE'S "JOCELYN" AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The library of Louis Napoleon has been sold by auction, and amongst the books was a handsome copy, bound in morocco, of Lamartine's poem of "Jocelyn." The value of the work was much enhanced by the fact that on the inside of the cover appeared the following words in the handwriting of the Prince, in French:—"Undertook the reading of this book at Florence, Sunday, the 7th of May, 1837. Abandoned it as being too sublime for me. Undertook the reading for the second time, Monday, without being more fortunate. Recommenced by a new effort, Tuesday, the 9th, and abandoned it definitely."—*London Morning Post.*

WHERE IS THE GERMAN VADERLAND?—When I first advocated the peculiar and distinct quality of race, as a great element in human affairs, I asked a German gentleman to point out their Vaderland to me on their map; to put his finger upon any place where the German nation resided; to inform me who the German was; where was their nationality; where their capital, their flag, their army and navy; their country, their history as a nation; and I distinctly asserted that there was no such nation as a German nation, and no such people as a German people. Some silly, absurd stuff was offered me in reply, about the land of the free and the Rhine.—Dr. Knox (*Medical Times.*)

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—A return moved for by Mr. W. Ewart, M. P. shows that the total number of volumes of printed books received, from 1814 to 1847 inclusive, under the Copyright Acts, by the trustees of the British Museum, amounts to 55,474; and the number of parts of volumes, including music, to 80,047. The number of maps, charts, &c. received since 1842, amounts to 187, and the number of parts of maps, &c. to 131. The total number of volumes of printed books contained in the library of the Museum at the end of the year 1848 amounted to about 435,000; the number of maps, plans, and charts, to 10,221; the volumes of MSS. to 29,626; the rolls of various kinds to 2,946; the number of charters and instruments to 23,772; the number of MSS. on reed, bark, and folded, to 208; the number of papyri to 55; and the number of seals and impressions to 851.—*Jerrold's News.*

LAMARTINE AND THE TRICOLOUR.—The mayors of the 10th and 11th arrondissements of Paris, accompanied by several officers of the National guard, waited on M. de Lamartine on Saturday to present him with the tricolour flag, which was borne by citizens of the two arrondissements from the chamber of Deputies to the Hôtel de Ville on the 24th February, and which was the first that was displayed on the proclamation of the republic. The mayor of the 10th arrondissement, in presenting the flag, said to M. de Lamartine that it could not be better placed than in the residence of one of the citizens who had most honourably defended it. M. de Lamartine expressed his gratitude. "This flag," he said, "will be doubly dear to me because it is the first that covered the cradle of the republic, and because it was the first also which gave to the republic the character of nationality, moderation, unanimity, and tradition with our noble historical souvenirs. If ever the Republic should be attacked, either by those who exaggerate it, or